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BELLIGERENTS AND NEUTRALS.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the American press seems inclined to accuse the Cabinet of Washington of a design to use the national antipathy to England for a political purpose. Enough freedom still remains to permit journalists to venture on putting this accusation in plain terms, and exposing the danger to which the experiment may lead. Whether the charge is true or not, Americans may decide for themselves; but we in England—who are desirous, by every means consistent with honour, to avert a war in which we should have to kill and injure persons speaking the English tongue, and which could not possibly do us any good whatever—may observe with satisfaction that the Americans who make the accusation treat it as manifest to every one on the other side of the Atlantic that the Federal Government does not really wish to go to war with England. The alleged violations of international law are only got up, it seems, as a source of political capital, and the Cabinet of Washington is assumed to be as desirous as we can be that the disputes should be settled amicably. We hope that this may be so; for unless one side is determined to pick a quarrel, the difficulties which arise out of such disputed cases of international law as are now raised are not very likely in themselves to lead to war. The course of international law is generally so clear, and the action of Prize Courts so definite, that, in the end, some result is almost certain to be attained which will be so far satisfactory to all parties that even those who lose by it would be ashamed to redress their grievance by arms. Our Government most properly assumes that the American Prize Courts will decide honestly and fairly; and so far as the acts of the Federal Government go, we cannot say that there is much in the course taken, or in the instructions issued to naval officers, of which we can at present complain. It is true that the naval officers may disobey these instructions, and that the Government of Washington may admire and secretly applaud their patriotic indiscretion. But the difficulties into which a Government is swept that tacitly sanctions the indiscretion of its subordinates are so great, that a proper rigour, we may expect, will soon be exercised, and naval officers will be restricted within the narrow limits of law. It must also be remembered that the doctrines of international law press with great and wholesome severity, not only on erring Governments, but on erring officials. As Admiral WILKES personally directed the seizure of the *Peterhoff*, he will be answerable for the heavy damages which the owners of the vessel ought to recover if their story is true. He will have to pay the compensation awarded to them. It is true that the loss may easily be made up to him by his Government; and if his Government wanted a war, he might reckon very confidently on being held harmless, however often he might act as he has done. But if his Government does not want a war, they will soon get tired of paying for the indiscretions of their officials; and directly an Admiral or naval commander begins to suspect that he may ultimately have to suffer in his own pocket if he makes a mistake, he will be careful. If, therefore, the Cabinet of Washington is brought to see that unless it means to go to war with England, it must not give us needless annoyance, and if the check of pecuniary interest is employed to restrain the caprices of officials, the points of law that arise will be discussed purely as points of law, and need give rise to no difficulties of any importance. At this moment there are three principal topics of dispute between England and the Federal Government, and we are confident that none of them can lead to grave results if they are discussed in a fair, temperate, and courteous manner. That we shall discuss them in this manner is within our own control, and nothing is more to be deprecated than a hasty assumption that the Federal Government will behave worse than we do.

The seizure of the *Alexandra* will probably do something to convince the North that we had no intention of evading the proper duties of neutrals in our management of the case of the *Alabama*. The English Government has seized a ship supposed to be intended for the service of the Confederates, and not only has seized it, but has seized it in a way which is undoubtedly hard upon the owners, yet which is stated by the law officers to be most likely to lead to its condemnation. The form under which the seizure has been made enables the Government to keep concealed from the owners the precise nature of the evidence to be brought against them; and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL gave it to be understood that the Government had, at the time of seizure, what he termed a minimum of information. In plain language, this means that the Government had sufficient evidence to make it probable that they would get a verdict against the owners, but that, in order to get more evidence, and make the verdict sure, they seized the ship, and used the delay thus occasioned to fortify all the weak points of their case. It will be obviously convenient to assume that there was some appreciable difference between the evidence on which the *Alexandra* was seized and that which was held inconclusive when the first application for the detention of the *Alabama* was made by Mr. ADAMS. Perhaps this difference would be apparent if all the circumstances were known; but even if it should turn out to be nearer the truth that the Government have been more willing now to run the risk of acting too hastily than they were last July, there will be no great cause of complaint. If the delay in the case of the *Alabama* was barely justifiable, that is the most that can be said; and if the delay were always as great, the Foreign Enlistment Act would be a dead letter. But it is by no means certain that the Government will succeed in getting the *Alexandra* condemned; and what we may ask candid Americans to see is, that while we are honestly ready to seize ships intended for the Confederates, yet it is not at all easy to carry the seizure to a successful issue, and that nothing could give a greater encouragement to the fitting-out of Confederate vessels here than that a seizure should be made in vain. There is the difficulty, even with the aid of the spy system which the friends of the North appear to have worked so liberally, of getting evidence; and there is the still greater difficulty of making the conduct of the owners come within the words of the statute. The case of the American vessel seized at San Francisco may furnish an illustration of the greatness of these difficulties. There, a vessel, the object of which was well known by rumour, was lying for weeks in an American port, was boarded and surrounded by legions of spies, and shipped a cargo of guns and ammunition; and yet the same papers that bring us an account of her capture also tell us that it is considered doubtful whether she can be condemned on the evidence.

The second point of legal dispute is that which arises out of the capture of the *Peterhoff* and the *Dolphin*, and the treatment of their crews and cargoes. If the story told in England is true, the captures were wholly without ground, and the subsequent proceedings of the captors were wholly unjustifiable. But these are precisely the questions with which, for the simple reason that they are questions within the cognizance of legal tribunals, international law can deal most satisfactorily. No rules of law can be more precise than those which decide what is to be done with the crew and cargo of a captured vessel. Directly the ship is captured, it is the duty of the captors to send her into a convenient port for adjudication; and the captors are bound to put on board her a sufficient Prize crew to navigate the vessel to the port, and if unnecessary violence is done to the crew of the captured vessel, the Prize Court will decree damages to the injured parties. So, too, the captors have no right to spoil or damage the captured vessel, or to embezzle or take possession of the property, or to break bulk, or to remove anything from the ship unless in cases where it

is absolutely necessary that the cargo should be dealt with. And then, when the vessel is brought into port, and the Prize proceedings commence, all the evidence must be furnished by the ship that is seized. It is only when the ship's papers, or the nature of her cargo, or the statements of the crew give good reason to condemn her, that a Prize Court pronounces a hostile sentence. The captors are not, unless under peculiar circumstances, entitled to adduce any further evidence of their own. The statements of the crew of the captured vessel are taken down by the officers of the Court directly the ship comes into port, and it is these statements and the ship's papers which furnish the evidence on which the Court proceeds. If, therefore, a vessel has been seized—as the owners say the *Peterhoff* was seized—without a shadow of reason, her innocence is very soon established. Of course, if there is any doubt as to her innocence, the investigation and decision of the case are subject to the usual delays of all legal tribunals; and the Federal Government has decided that there is such a *prima facie* case against the *Peterhoff* as warrants them in leaving the law to take its course. Earl RUSSELL is, however, so satisfied that a portion of the crew were detained improperly, and that the Federal Government will hold itself responsible, that he has already given Lord LYONS instructions to ask for compensation in their case.

As the papers on board a ship are the chief instruments of condemning her or her cargo, it is one of the first duties of the master in charge of the vessel to deliver up to the officials of the Prize Court all the papers and documents found on board, and to make an affidavit that they are delivered up exactly as they were taken. All papers in the custody of the captain of the captured vessel would come within the list of papers to be given up, and would be investigated to see what evidence for or against the ship they would furnish. But it is evident that the mail-bags of a neutral country were never intended to come within this rule. The captain, if he carries the mail-bag at all, is bound to carry all letters entrusted to his care by his Government, and he can, therefore, exercise no control over the contents of the bag; and any one who wished to injure him or the owners of the vessel might furnish evidence against the vessel by the easy process of dropping it into the penny post in England. The mail-bags are also under the seal of the State which sends them, and it may be reasonably held that they are thus protected from the liability to seizure which affects all private property. At the same time, it must be remembered that just as, if the mail-bag is opened and the letters read, evidence against the vessel may very easily be fabricated, so, if the mail-bags are held sacred, the owners of the vessel may use this exemption as a means of withdrawing from the cognizance of the Prize Court the very evidence which would have sufficed to condemn her. No evidence would be more conclusive than if a letter were found on board directing the agents of the owners at a port contiguous to the scene of war to send in contraband goods on the first opportunity; and the owners might conceal this evidence, and yet be sure that the instructions would accompany the ship, if they sent these instructions by the mail which their vessel was employed to carry. Apparently, therefore, there might have been some difficulty in deciding what was the course with reference to English mail-bags which we could claim that the Federal Government should pursue, had not the Cabinet of Washington itself decided what was to be done, and decided it in the most liberal and favourable manner. Mr. SEWARD last autumn issued instructions that, in case of capture of merchant vessels suspected or found to be vessels of the insurgents or contraband, the public mails of any friendly or neutral Power, duly certified and authenticated, should not be searched or opened, but should be put as speedily as convenient on the way to their destination. This will, no doubt, create a precedent which will henceforth protect all mail-bags of neutrals from being opened by belligerents, and we ought to acknowledge that Mr. SEWARD set this useful precedent in an explicit and unmistakable way. When the news arrived at Washington that the mails on board the *Peterhoff* had been brought into an American port, and that the officials of the Prize Court claimed to have them opened and the contents searched to see whether they could affect the vessel, Lord LYONS had a clear course before him. He had simply to appeal to the instructions which Mr. SEWARD had himself issued. If the letters were to be opened at all, it might have been a proper courtesy to invite the English Consul to be present, and assure himself that no letters were needlessly detained; and this invitation appears to have been given, but was very properly declined, as Lord LYONS was entitled to ask that the bags should not be opened at all. Mr. SEWARD

has acknowledged the claim, and the bags have been forwarded to their destination. This matter has, therefore, been satisfactorily managed without any great difficulty; and when once the law is brought fully and fairly into operation, all the points of dispute may be very readily settled, if both sides are calm, and if the Americans dislike a war as much as we do.

FATHER PASSAGLIA IN THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE first appearance of Father PASSAGLIA as a speaker in the Italian Parliament naturally excited interest and attention. It seems that, notwithstanding the energy of character which has been shown in his bold protest against the temporal policy of the Holy See, the celebrated apologist of the Immaculate Conception still retains the personal and logical mannerism of a professional theologian. The clerical education which is imposed by the Church of Rome never fails to leave its trace even on those who have emerged before their ordination into secular life; and it is not surprising that a priest who is still zealous for a religion which he declines to identify with misgovernment should, in some of his thoughts and arguments, jar upon the tastes of a Parliament consisting mainly of laymen. Yet there were few present who had rendered so important a service to the national cause, and scarcely one Italian statesman can have made so great a sacrifice to his country. Although PASSAGLIA believes with good reason that his proceedings have been consistent with the strictest ecclesiastical loyalty, he could not but be aware that his resistance to the excessive pretensions of the Papacy would be stigmatised as seditious, schismatic, and impious. It is no light thing for a priest to defy the only public opinion which he has been taught to respect; and the advocate of the most remarkable Romish dogma of modern times could only have been forced into incredulity in dealing with Papal assumptions by a strong conscientious conviction. In his speech in the Italian Chamber, Father PASSAGLIA explained with dignity and simplicity the motives which had induced him to stem the tide of political conformity. When he found that the Holy See and its devoted partisans were inveterately opposed to the freedom and independence of his native country, perhaps even his patriotic sympathies were less violently outraged than his religious belief. He could not bring himself to admit that the creed which he cherished involved, in any way, whatever was unlovely, whatever was dishonest, whatever was of ill report. If it was right, as every good Italian felt, that his country should emerge from the degradation of ages, it followed that the doctrine of the Church of Rome might be reconciled with national regeneration. PASSAGLIA was probably too accomplished a theologian to be for an instant deluded by the confusion which has carefully been cultivated between the temporal and the spiritual power of the POPE. As he wished on other grounds to relieve the Church from the association which its rulers had contracted with tyranny, he could have little difficulty in satisfying himself, or in proving to candid minds, that the Holy See was altogether independent of political relations. It is possible, indeed, that Cardinal ANTONELLI may, in a certain sense, be more clear-sighted than the most logical of his opponents. The spiritual power of the POPE may hereafter be affected by the loss of temporal dominion, but on the principles of the Roman Church itself the theory of PASSAGLIA is unanswerable. As an Italian, he is justified in advising the POPE to incur a certain risk for the sake of union with his countrymen; and as a divine, he is prepared irrefragably to prove that the figurative rock of St. PETER is not the material throne on the Seven Hills.

In the great clerical orator and controversialist, the Italian Parliament respects something more than a conscientious opponent of the Papacy. The character of ABDIEL may be personally respectable, but a virtuous dissident from an otherwise unanimous majority is less considerable than the leader of a great secession. Already nine thousand priests have publicly adhered to the new patriotic doctrine, and there is no reason to doubt the statement that many even of the higher clergy are only deterred by fear and prudence from protesting against the temporal government of the Holy See. Among so great a number there must be honest and sensible men, and a larger proportion of the clergy probably dislike the antipathy which Romish policy creates against their order, if not against their doctrines. The Neapolitan bishops, who were turned into spies of the Bourbons Government, may occasionally be ashamed of their base and cruel function, especially since the fall of the hateful power which they were retained to

support. Observers of times and seasons must begin to suspect that the cause of VICTOR EMMANUEL is, after all, likely to thrive. Three or four years of quiet possession, accompanied by the recognition of nearly all foreign Powers, may probably throw a doubt on the validity or efficacy of the most furious Papal curses. There has hitherto been, happily, no religious schism to disturb the consciences of the people, or to force the priests into a choice between their country and what they deem their religion. The parochial clergy at least may be confident that for generations there will be masses and processions in every village, even if the POPE and his successors should impose perpetual interdicts on a land which has committed the crime of becoming free. Many arguments may recommend that which on earth is the winning side, when it is by no means obviously opposed to the will of Heaven. It is highly probable that intellects such as PASSAGLIA's will soar into wider regions of speculation, as LUTHER developed the determination to overthrow the Papacy from his original disgust at the abuse of indulgences; but the ordinary village priests are not likely to trouble themselves with embarrassing speculations. If the protection of the Government and the good will of the people can be purchased by political conformity, they have little interest in obeying the uncanonical usurpations of the POPE. The great difficulty was to find a leader, and to collect a respectable number of dissentients from the Papal theory of indefeasible sovereignty. When nine thousand have spoken, many more will join, in the knowledge that they are no longer liable to the charge of singularity. It may be more difficult to deal with existing bishops; but as sees are successively vacated, the Court of Rome will be at least as directly interested as the KING in preventing too long an episcopal interregnum. It would be highly indiscreet to teach the Italians that it is possible to exist without bishops.

RATTAZZI, in consistency with his temporizing habits, refused to protect the patriotic clergy from the consequences of ecclesiastical disobedience. PASSAGLIA goes to the root of the evil by proposing that bishops shall become liable to maintain priests whom they dismiss or suspend from their functions on the ground of their obedience to the Government. It is impossible to suggest a scheme more thoroughly equitable, and the measure seems likely to produce a strong practical effect. In a Roman Catholic country, the State can only control the Church directly by means of an understanding with the Holy See, but vigorous Catholic rulers have always regarded the temporalities as a pledge for submission. A bishop cannot be prevented from treating a secular act as an ecclesiastical crime, and he may perhaps forbid, without appeal, the performance of any sacerdotal function. It would be heretical, or irregular, to make a suspended priest perform mass, but none of the canons authorize a bishop to propagate disloyalty by an act which at the same time imposes a burden on the resources of the country. It seems to be certain that the simple law which RATTAZZI was afraid to pass would secure the honest and patriotic part of the clergy from the persecution of their official superiors. The authority of PASSAGLIA may, perhaps, incline the present Ministry to try the experiment, especially as RICASOLI, the leader of the anti-Papal party, is said lately to have risen in Royal favour so as to become a probable competitor for office. Orthodox patriots profess to approve of the offer which the Italian Government has frequently made of a free Church in a free State—or, in other words, of absolute exemption from secular control. It is possible that the clergy may look suspiciously on a concession which has been for centuries refused by sovereigns far more friendly than VICTOR EMMANUEL to the claims of Rome. The various Christian sects in America, and the Dissenters in England, enjoy a free Church in a free State, at the cost of dispensing for the most part with endowments. The Church property in Italy would probably be less secure when the Parliament and the Government had deliberately allowed the POPE to nominate bishops, and to deal with priests at his pleasure. The proposed law for compensating persecuted priests, if not an interference with the freedom of the Church, would seriously affect either the power of bishops or the value of episcopal estates. On the whole, however, the offer of absolute separation seems the only method of reconciling the independence of Italy with the pretensions of the Church. The proposal may, perhaps, only serve as the basis of negotiation; but in the meantime it deprives the Holy See of a plausible grievance. If friendly relations are hereafter re-established between Rome and Turin, neither party will be eager to deprive itself of the means by which it might act on the other. Much might be said in favour of the proposition that a Church should, as in England, be intimately associated

both by restraints and privileges with the political and social life of the nation; but Erastian theories are abhorrent to the clerical intellect in every region, from Scotland to Rome. From the purely ecclesiastical point of view, the nearest approach to perfect independence may naturally appear the most desirable condition of the Church. It happens that, for the moment, it is the interest of Italy to concur in the movement which originates with Father PASSAGLIA.

CANADA AND ITS COST.

NO one who watches the tendency of opinion at the present time can doubt that we are rapidly approaching to a critical moment in the relation between England and one or two of her Colonies. The difficulty is not one of those that evaporate when they are let alone. Its dimensions are growing rather than diminishing. The more closely the expenditure of England is scrutinized, the more the disposition increases to complain that we are contributing in an undue proportion to the defence of communities the vast majority of whose taxpayers are far richer than our own. On the other hand, the pressure of the system according to which, in these cases, the burden of Colonial defence is apportioned shows no signs of abating. Wars may be less numerous than they were, but they are far more costly. The addition which has been made to our taxation by the discontent of the savages of Kaffraria and New Zealand has been very perceptible to the English taxpayer, though the debaters and pamphleteers of those two colonies look upon it as microscopic. The extent to which those burdens are likely to be increased, if it should ever fall to our lot to defend Canada against the United States, is so unwelcome a subject of contemplation that statesmen thrust it from them as something that it is hopeless to mend, and yet is far too intolerable to think of. The Colonial debate which was raised on Tuesday by Mr. ARTHUR MILLS was interesting as an indication of the force with which the difficulty is beginning to impress itself upon the minds of public men. The general tone was far less tender to the Colonies in question than it has ever been before. Almost every speaker had moved a step onwards in the road which leads, or seems to lead, to separation. Contrary to the usual precedent, the Colonial UNDER-SECRETARY was the most conservative speaker in the debate, and even he seemed to qualify, with the reluctance of official duty, the condemnation which he awarded to the conduct of the Colonies in which our warlike expenditure is the largest. The sentimental view was at a discount, and hard material considerations formed the staple of the argument.

This change of sentiment has undoubtedly been produced by the attitude of these Colonies themselves. The conduct of Canada, and in a smaller degree of New Zealand and the Cape, will outweigh a whole volume of appeals to feeling. Few persons are now found to maintain that the commercial advantages, whatever they may be, which the continued allegiance of these Colonies secures to us are equal to the burden, actual and contingent, which the responsibility for their defence involves. But, until recently, there were not many persons who were inclined to push this material argument to its logical results. An instinct forbade the idea of casting off our own race, in many cases our own countrymen, in deference to the results of a cold calculation. But in order that this kind of feeling should continue to exist, it is absolutely necessary that it should be reciprocated. The most affectionate father will hardly go on paying the debts of his prodigal son, when he discovers that the son is only treating him as a gold mine to be worked to the utmost possible profit. If the Canadians only desire to make money out of us, it is not likely that we shall long give a sentimental colour to our connexion with them. The sentiment is not to be despised. Those who are inclined to treat it lightly, because no logical account of it can be given, forget how mysterious are the causes which make one nation greater than another. We have no more than a very shadowy conception of the nature of the causes which confer upon a nation the moral qualities from which greatness flows. We cannot tell for certain why one people are energetic, enduring, united, devoted; and why another, existing under ethnological or geographical conditions closely analogous, are strikingly destitute of any or all those qualities. It deserves to be considered whether some influence ought not to be attributed to the consciousness of extensive empire. It is usually acquired in the first instance by the accidents of war, or at most by a mere display of gallantry; but, when won, it inspires a pride which powerfully operates upon the character of the nation that feels it. The Americans are

struggling to preserve territory that will only be a cause of weakness to them, and that cannot be physically necessary to their national development for centuries to come. But they are obeying the instinct which tells them that in the consciousness of empire is involved the possession of many of the highest qualities of a nation. The same instinct has long struggled in England against the argument of economists who, relying upon the mere figures of the balance-sheet, have impressed upon us that the preservation of colonies is a losing investment of our money. But this feeling loses some of its force, when we are driven to the conviction that our honest pride in a colonial empire is, in the case of some colonies at least, entirely one-sided. The loyalty of the Canadians, for instance, is of so ethereal and poetical a character, that it disdains to express itself in any solid or material form. It is difficult to nourish the pride of empire upon the nominal possession of a province which does not sufficiently value its connexion with us to be willing to provide even an effective militia for its defence.

Whether we regret or rejoice at it, there can be little doubt that the question is rapidly being removed from the jurisdiction of feeling and transferred to that of calculation. If ever this transfer should be completed, it will be chiefly in reference to Canada that statesmen will be called upon to take a decided course. The vast majority of our colonies are happily worth maintaining, even upon mere grounds of calculation. Those which can be protected by ships can be protected almost without cost. Even if they were independent, it would be necessary for us, in case of a war, to protect our trade with them. The protection which it is necessary for us, therefore, to afford to them, amounts to no more than the obligation under which we always lie to defend our trade and maintain our supremacy at sea. New Zealand and the Cape cannot be classed under the same category. Their defence has hitherto proved anything but cheap; and if their difficulties were likely to be as permanent as they are severe, the possession of them would be a costly honour. Happily both the Maori and Kafir tribes are on the decline. Whatever cost they may cause us, it is a charge which, by the working of a well-ascertained law, cannot permanently burden us. However irritating the state of the account between us and these colonies just at this moment may be, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the pressure is transient. It may not be worth while to embitter friendly communities in order to hasten only by a very few years the erasure of an obnoxious estimate. But the case of Canada differs essentially from all the rest of our dependencies. She is the only colony we possess that is separated by a long land frontier from a turbulent neighbour who has a huge military force at his disposal. The defence of fifteen hundred miles of easily assailable frontier, against an enterprising foe, with the military force of England alone, is a task which far transcends the powers of this island. The Canadians have refused to provide for themselves anything more than a body of undrilled soldiers, who, in the presence of actual invaders, would be a mere mob. When we remonstrate, the Canadians reply in an aggrieved tone that our calculations savour of a shop-keeping spirit; and that if Canada be attacked, they expect that the whole force of the Empire will be exerted in their defence. They have arrived at that conception of the filial relation between colony and mother-country, which is expressed in the popular slang, according to which "the relieving officer" is a synonym for "father."

It is obviously impossible that colonial relations worked in this spirit can endure without change for very long. In the meantime, while they are making up their minds as to their wisest policy, it is not inexpedient that a formal warning from time to time should be offered to them, that Englishmen are not blind to the inevitable result to which such shortsighted expedients must lead. Parliamentary protests and declarations are of great use in conveying informal suggestions to foreign communities or princes. They afford an opportunity for explanations of opinion to be given which in a Blue-book would give offence, and in a newspaper might be disregarded. And perhaps it is only through their agency that English statesmen can be forced to give their attention to the discovery of some solution for a difficulty which events are rapidly pushing to a crisis.

LANCASHIRE.

THREE was little difference of opinion in the House of Commons on the immediate necessities of Lancashire. The workmen who have, by no fault of their own, been reduced

to idleness, still subsist on the proceeds of public benevolence, with little hope of speedily returning to their proper industry. It is said, with much appearance of probability, that notwithstanding the high character of the operatives in the cotton trade, dependence and helplessness are producing their natural effect in pauperizing and demoralizing the passive recipients of general bounty; and it is still more certain that every week of distress aggravates the material evils of unwanted poverty. The little comforts and hoarded luxuries of more prosperous times are rapidly wasting away, and hope itself becomes fainter as the war which causes the misfortune seems to increase in virulence and to threaten indefinite duration. While a member of the Federal Cabinet asserts, with impudent and calculated mendacity, that America is feeding England, the looms of Lancashire are stopped through the conscientious adherence of the English nation to the duties of rigid and self-sacrificing neutrality. At the cost of an illegal interference, the cotton trade might be restored to prosperity; but, happily, all parties and classes are agreed on the expediency of obeying public law. It only remains to take care that the more immediate victims of an alien war are preserved from actual starvation. Down to the present time, the object has been attained through the liberality of the community under the administration of the Relief Committees; but it has now become necessary to provide for the future wants of the people when the available funds shall have been exhausted. It is impossible, and perhaps undesirable, that the cotton workers and their families should be supported by voluntary contributions through another year. Although a Parliamentary grant would, if it were indispensable, be perfectly legitimate, a just repugnance is felt to any rivalry with private charity, and especially with private exertions. In case of absolute need, Mr. GLADSTONE has prudently secured to Parliament the means of voting any sum which may be required; but until all other resources are exhausted, the House of Commons will abstain from a dangerous liberality.

The next step to gratuitous maintenance is an artificial provision of labour. If an effective demand already existed for such work as factory hands can perform, there would be no occasion for benevolent or official interference. It is not impossible that employment may be devised which will not involve pecuniary loss, but the present state of the cotton districts proves that private enterprise furnishes no sufficient drain for the accumulation of superfluous labour. The fields of Lancashire and Cheshire would be more speedily and cheaply drained by gangs of navvies than by distressed weavers; but, nevertheless, it may be more advantageous to employ second-rate workmen than to keep them in idleness. A few months ago, it was said that common manual labour would destroy the fine touch of spinners and weavers, but the continuance of distress has removed many fanciful scruples. It is better to become clumsy in the fingers than to starve, or to live upon charity. If the cotton trade were unexpectedly to revive, the operatives would throw down the pickaxe, and contrive, in defiance of trifling difficulties, to recover the profitable skill of former days. As it is impossible to devise employment in the nature of manufacturing industry, the workmen must content themselves with out-door labour, although they will certainly find it irksome and painful. There is no severer work than draining, and it may be doubted whether it is possible for any factory workman to acquire the necessary aptitude and strength. A country gentleman who can walk or ride ten hours a day without fatigue would be worn out in a single morning by standing in a narrow wet ditch, four feet deep, and throwing up mud by a perpendicular movement of the arms; and a sedentary or indoor workman would be far more unfit for the task. For the present purpose, the only advantage of draining is that it is useful, and that the workman, if he is in any way able to accomplish his task, will be conscious that he is engaged in a serious and genuine employment. There is nothing so irksome as labour imposed in the nature of a test, without reference to external results. A man who is paid to dig holes, and then to fill them up again, resents the arbitrary conditions which are imposed on the bounty of his employer; but a journeyman cotton-spinner who can dig a drain may be solaced by the cherished belief that he is maintaining himself independently.

The improvement of the towns in the cotton districts is a more natural and feasible form of employment. It is asserted that in some places useful works have been neglected or postponed on the pretext that labour was dear, although the prosperity indicated by high wages might undoubtedly have provided proper pavements and sewers. As labour is now,

unfortunately, too cheap and abundant, it seems highly desirable to make the towns of Lancashire healthier, and at the same time to maintain the helpless population. The determination of the Government to urge and assist the movement was generally approved by the House of Commons; and Mr. PORTER himself must have been satisfied that it is better to act at once than to wait for the report of a Commission. The able and indefatigable Poor Law Inspector has, in truth, since the commencement of the distress, acted as a permanent Commissioner, and the reports of the Poor Law Boards and of the Central Relief Committee contain all the information which any fresh inquiry could elicit. It cannot be doubted that the manufacturers and the more opulent inhabitants of the cotton districts will second the efforts of the Government by their local exertions. Sanitary improvements will be even more intelligible than agricultural drains to the workmen themselves, and the necessary labour will be generally less severe. It is true that this source of employment is both artificial and temporary; but it may be worth while for another year to keep the bulk of the population together. Emigration, though it may partially relieve the pressure, is thought to be practicable only on a moderate scale; and if Lancashire weavers were as willing as Irish cottagers to swarm across the sea, the revival of the cotton trade on the cessation of the blockade might be rendered impossible by the withdrawal of the skilled population.

There was no room for debate on the scheme for providing temporary assistance to the distressed operatives; but the conversation in the House of Commons was enlivened by the old-fashioned oddities of a forgotten Tory demagogue. Although scarcely twenty years have elapsed since the days of Mr. FERRAND's notoriety, his mode of thought and style of speech are as obsolete as if he had survived from some former century. It is but fair to admit that absurdity which is proof against time and ridicule is probably sincere. Mr. FERRAND, remembering how he had formerly denounced the cotton manufacturers, exults in the catastrophe which has befallen them, as if he had foreseen the American secession when he declaimed against the use of shoddy and the repeal of the Corn-laws. Professing to be the advocate of the working classes, he exulted in the discomfiture of the millowners, who have no longer wages to distribute. To the younger generation his speech must have been simply unintelligible; but Mr. FERRAND's contemporaries in Parliament must have felt a melancholy pleasure in the reproduction of bygone vituperation and buffoonery. It was not to the purpose of the discussion to show how the Manchester operative had commenced his career of prosperity by starving the Hindoo weaver. The retribution which may have fallen on Lancashire affects English sympathies more nearly than the sufferings of an extinct generation of Indians. Mr. FERRAND would apparently have saved the cotton manufacture from interruption by preventing it from coming into existence. Even if his hypothetical remedy for the cotton famine had been eligible in itself, the question is not whether mills ought to have been built in Lancashire, but how the people are to be fed and employed. Having no remedy to suggest, Mr. FERRAND rigorously confined himself to a repetition of his favourite propositions. In the House of Commons of the present day he must feel himself as misplaced as a ghost among the new occupants of his abandoned dwelling. Proofs that Sir JAMES GRAHAM used, at different times, inconsistent arguments for and against the Corn-laws have ceased to excite the smallest interest.

AMERICA.

A CONTEST between impregnable forts and almost invulnerable vessels creates none of the romantic interest which attaches to more heroic struggles. The successful defence of Charleston has furnished mechanical theorists with new illustrations of their various systems, at an insignificant cost of life, or even of serious danger. Yet the failure of the attack is one of the severest disappointments which could have been inflicted on the North. Almost any disaster would have been thought tolerable if a set-off had been provided in the demolition of Fort Sumter and the capture of Charleston. The first gun fired in the war has never been forgiven, and belligerents, in all ages, have been prone to select conventional symbols of success and defeat. In taking Charleston, the Federals would have seemed to themselves to have beaten down the flag or eagle which represents the claims of the Seceders; and it would have pleased the exaggerated fancy of the American populace to impose, after the fashion

of Oriental despots, some material punishment on the guilty soil of the hostile city. A more tangible advantage would have consisted in the conquest of a considerable portion of South Carolina, especially as the fleet which blockades the port would have been released for other pressing duties. The greater part of the trade between Europe and the Confederate States has found its way through the blockading squadron at Charleston, and the business of the port has actually increased since it has been ostensibly excluded from intercourse with the outer world. Success would have produced a general acknowledgment that there was something respectable in the Northern tenacity of purpose which has never relaxed, from the beginning of the war, in the design of assailing the most obnoxious hostile city. The Confederates, however, are even more determined and enterprising than their enemies, and in their long struggle of two years they have lost but two or three fortified positions. Charleston has undoubtedly retained a fair proportion of the munitions of war which have entered the port for the supply of the Confederate armies. The attack, which had long been foreseen, had been effectually anticipated by preparations for defence; and General BEAUREGARD has proved himself a skilful engineer after establishing his reputation in the Western campaign as an able commander. It seems that the Federal land forces were insufficient in number, and unable to co-operate with the movements of the fleet.

In other quarters, the fortune of war seems for the most part to favour the Confederates. It is uncertain whether General GRANT has abandoned the siege of Vicksburg, and there is an improbable rumour that a Confederate army is threatening General BANKS at New Orleans. General ROSENCRANZ appears unable to move from his station in Tennessee; and in North Carolina, General FOSTER, who lately announced that he had won four victories in a fortnight, is thought to be on the eve of surrendering with his entire force. From the army of the Potomac, however, there are once more tidings of active operations. General HOOKER has crossed the Rappahannock with a portion of his troops, and he may perhaps have turned General LEE's left wing. It must be highly important to attain, if possible, some decisive success before a large portion of the volunteers claim their discharge on the 15th of May. As the Confederate generals, however, are fully aware of the embarrassment of their adversaries, they will probably abstain as far as possible from a decisive engagement during the ensuing fortnight. At a distance, it seems that General HOOKER has a less hopeful prospect than that which was open to M'CLELLAN when he first broke up from his lines on the Potomac; and if the present commander can at last find his way to Richmond, he will deservedly become the most popular hero of the war. Few of his most sanguine admirers, in the meantime, expect that he will prove himself more than a match for LEE and JACKSON. The rumour that the Confederate Government and army were about to abandon Richmond appears to have been one of the innumerable fictions which are liberally supplied to meet the inexhaustible demands of Northern boastfulness and credulity. Within the last standing period of ninety days, not a single success has justified the predictions of Mr. Seward and of his congenial supporters in the press. The next three months will include the extreme heat of summer, and the termination of the period of volunteer enlistment. The discharged soldiers may perhaps, in many cases, be tempted by extravagant bounties to return to their colours. If, however, large numbers take the opportunity of retiring from the service, there will be little advantage in supplying their place by conscription.

It is in this crisis that the wise and conscientious advisers of the American people think it prudent and decorous to insist on a causeless war with England. The iron-clad vessels which were baffled at Charleston are declared to be capable of defeating the whole English navy, and 90,000 men are already theoretically detailed to effect the conquest of Canada. The inveterate love of bluster has corrupted the judgment as well as the taste of the populace and their leaders, and it is possible that they may have deluded themselves into the belief of assertions which were at first consciously false. It might have been thought that experience would have taught even the demagogues of New York and New England the difficulty of conquering a vast territory inhabited by a race of English descent. Even if the military force of England were left out of consideration, the Canadians are as brave as the Southern Americans, and their country is almost equal in extent to the Confederacy. There is no possibility of resorting to a servile insurrection in the absence of slaves; and, if the sympathies of the negroes possessed political or military

importance, there is not a free coloured man on the continent who would not be on the side of England and Canada against the tyrannical and contemptuous Republicans of the States. Only American ignorance could assume that the extemporized fleet which has neither achieved a victory nor provided for the safety of the seas could meet in equal conflict the great naval power of England. It is not surprising that the sincerity of the popular clamour for a foreign war should be generally disbelieved; and there is no improbability in the conjecture that the main object of the clamour is to facilitate the impending conscription. There can be no doubt that the Federal Government hopes to win a cheap popularity by using pugnacious language without venturing on an actual collision; but at any moment extravagant words may lead to violent acts, and the example of Admiral WILKES proves that naval officers are not exempt from the tendency to purchase vulgar applause and probable promotion by illegal affronts to England. In one respect, the confidence of Northern politicians is well founded. The whole English nation is resolved not to be tempted into hostilities by any verbal insult which can be offered. In two years Federal newspapers have exhausted the language of envious malignity, without provoking a single unfriendly act. For ten years more the enemies of England are at liberty to talk with equal impunity, on condition that no international right shall be infringed by the raving assailant. It is possible, however, that the daily menaces which are uttered may be spoken in earnest, and that the Federal Government may hope to escape from the discredit of failure in its domestic enterprises by deliberately fastening a quarrel on an unoffending neutral Power.

The English partisans of America carefully abstain from any effort to avert a war by the use of an influence which ought to have been earned by a systematic preference of a foreign country to their own. It might have produced some effect if those who have the ear of the Republicans were to remind them that no section of English politicians has ever desired either to make war on the North or to give active assistance to the South. The escape of the *Alabama* is the solitary grievance which is alleged as the justification of a rupture; yet those who have watched the course of opinion, or of clamour, in America are well aware that the animosity against England was equally loud before the dreaded cruiser had left the docks at Birkenhead. When England declared war against France during the American war of separation, the French Court had formed an alliance with the insurgents, after providing them beforehand with clandestine supplies of men and money. The war was, in fact, virtually commenced by the French, after deliberate preparation. Not even Mr. BLAIR or Mr. SEWARD would venture to assert that the English Government has similarly aided the insurgents. It is utterly idle to appeal to the justice or good feeling of a community which appears to repudiate the ordinary obligations of fairness and courtesy, but English advocates of the Federal cause might be expected to remonstrate with their friends and clients. Perhaps the best security for peace may be found in the irritation which has been excited by the recent proceedings of the Federal cruisers. There is, fortunately, no reason to fear that the English Government will be tempted into a rupture in any case where the letter of international law can be strained into a justification of Federal acts. The knowledge that the nation is unanimous in the determination to allow all just belligerent claims, and to maintain all clear neutral rights, will perhaps cause Northern leaders to pause in their quarrelsome policy. If they are ultimately determined to force on the intervention which they have ostentatiously deprecated, the entire responsibility of the crime must rest with the demagogues who are allowed to speak in the name of the American people.

THE ELECTIONS TO THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE French Academy is now the last resting-place in France of freedom of thought and of the independence which bows down before genius or great intellectual achievements, and stands erect in the presence of military despotism. It is now, therefore, more than ever important that its elections should be carefully made, and the Parisian public interests itself, to a very remarkable degree, in the additions that are made as death opens vacancies in the number of the Forty. Last week, two places were to be filled up, and circumstances conspired to invest the proceedings with even more than their usual interest. For one of the vacancies the EMPEROR himself was thought to be a possible aspirant, and for the other the favourite candidate was M. LITTRÉ, who united with many strong claims the drawback of being an active

disciple of COMTE. Paris was, therefore, very naturally on the tiptoe of expectation, wishing to see how the EMPEROR would be received, and how he would bear his reception, and whether the Academy would go by literary reputation, or would dismiss the undoubted claim of M. LITTRÉ because it was afraid of his philosophical opinions. The EMPEROR, however, did not announce himself as a candidate. An aide-de-camp was instructed to advocate the claims of a dummy just far enough to prevent any election being made, and to ensure the place being kept open for the EMPEROR. The protector of the Academy, as the EMPEROR is officially, attended at its deliberations and at the voting, but did not otherwise interfere. There is no reason to doubt that LOUIS NAPOLEON has a sincere desire to achieve a literary distinction which is thought in France to be the chief glory of literature and to which the EMPEROR has sufficient literary reputation to warrant him in aspiring. If he has to write or speak as a member of the Academy, he will write or speak as well as any one there. The French Academy has so elastic a standard, and is content to look so little to performance, and to rest so largely on the known or assumed capabilities of candidates, that it is idle to say the EMPEROR has never written any great literary work. He is quite up to the level of the Academy, independently of his position; and, although he could not very well be rejected by the Academy if he proposed to become a member, the Forty have the satisfaction of knowing that they are not humiliated by having to make the election. The devices by which his election will be secured are sure to be tainted by that paltriness of intrigue, the necessity of adopting which is one of the curses of despotism; and the presence of the Sovereign at the time of voting tends inevitably to diminish the independence of the Academy. But still there is nothing degrading or ludicrous in having to elect the EMPEROR. He must be allowed to be one of the most remarkable Frenchmen of the day, and the Academy may very fitly elect him. Still, that body very properly waits till it is asked, and will not voluntarily so far cheapen its honours as to throw them where it cannot be sure they are wanted. M. DUFRAU, who was elected, has a sufficiently high reputation for learning, eloquence, and general ability to deserve a better fate than that of being kept waiting till the EMPEROR should have obtained his wish. The Forty felt this, and they elected M. DUFRAU, as the EMPEROR would not announce his wishes.

The Bishop of ORLEANS was the chief cause of the rejection of M. LITTRÉ. He published a pamphlet in which he set forth all the dangers of paying a public tribute to a writer whose opinions were so opposed to the teaching of Christianity. The appeal was successful, and the Forty declined to admit into their ranks an apostle of Social Positivism. It appears to have been considered quite consistent with the utmost respect for liberty of opinion to refuse to pay the homage due to a man of high character and acknowledged literary power on the ground that his opinions were erroneous and full of peril for society. The Academy, it was argued, did not prevent M. LITTRÉ writing. All it did was to keep itself clear of participation in his grave moral errors. It is obvious that, if this theory of the functions of the Academy were pushed to its full consequences, the Academy would soon lose all its distinction and influence. If it is true that, by electing a writer, it gives a sanction to his opinions, the narrowest orthodoxy in religion and politics may soon be the indispensable requisite in its members. It would be impossible, for example, if this doctrine were adhered to, that VOLTAIRE, if now alive, should be elected a member; and a French Academy from which VOLTAIRE was excluded would seem ludicrous in the eyes of all Frenchmen. What is really meant is that the Academy should measure its tolerance by the standard which the society of Paris happens to adopt for the moment. There is supposed to be nothing in the brilliant sneers of VOLTAIRE, or in the vainglorious falsehoods of modern historians, or in the frigid licence of romance under the Second Empire, with which polite society has to do. But society will not tolerate that the feelings of respectable people should be outraged in a set and definite form. It does not like a philosophy which systematizes what others only vaguely think or hint. It recoils before the audacity and want of tact displayed in the advocacy of doctrines that seem to it subversive of the whole order of things at present established. The Academy is not intended to quarrel with polite society, and ought not to honour what society reprobates.

Nothing can be more natural than that the Academy should wish to accommodate itself to the feelings and the prejudices of society, and that it should not wish to lead, so much as to keep on the level of, the educated classes. We may be sure that in England any learned body would have done just what

the French Academy has done. No English Academy would think of electing a Comte against whom a Bishop had just written a pamphlet. In every society there is some point beyond which the liberty of opinion is not sanctioned; and in none of the leading countries of the world is there so much narrowness, and indifference to truth, and timid apprehension for the fabric of society, as in England when once the odd, unreasonable prejudices and standing insular traditions of Englishmen are affected. It is not, therefore, for us to throw stones at the French. But, at the same time, it is obvious that if an Academy is content merely to reflect the opinions of society, it ceases to be of much use. It no longer gives what society cannot give. It does no more than the Sovereign does who puts a bit of red ribbon in a clever man's buttonhole. But the French Academy aspires to do more than this. It aspires to recognise and proclaim to the world what there is of high intellectual power in France from generation to generation. It claims to decide what intellectual power is, and how it is displayed, and it invests with a conspicuous claim to honour that which it approves. Its title to exist is that men of intellectual ability, solemnly and formally gathered together for a public purpose, can and will do what society and princes cannot and will not do. They can look at intellectual power apart from fashion, or the interest of dynasties, or the gossip of drawing-rooms. If they do not do this, they make the existence of their Academy useless. And an Academy would be very useless in England, for we may be sure that an Academy would only reflect the opinions of good, safe, educated society. But in France, the Academy is said by those who believe in it and admire it most, to answer a great and special end. It is a power apart from the political and the ecclesiastical powers that flourish by its side. It has a kingdom of its own, and amid the constant fluctuations of political government, and the ebb and flow of religious feeling, it is a great thing, it is said, for France to have a permanent body that protects the claims, and asserts the independence, and determines the standard of intellectual ability. Therefore, according to the theory on which the existence of the Academy rests, the rejection of M. LITTRÉ appears to us a mistake. It may be a bad thing for a nation to have a public recognition of intellectual ability, but if it is thought a good thing, then it is obviously unwise and inconsistent to honour and recognise intellectual ability only when society pronounces its manifestations to be comfortable and innocent. The fear instantly makes itself felt that, if this is to be carried out, the Academy cannot tell where it may be called on to go, and it may have to admit into its ranks authors who are guilty of the most degrading indecency, or of the most offensive outrages on religion. This certainly is part of the cost that is to be counted before such an institution as the Academy is set up. But it is to be observed that, practically, the authors of merely indecent and irreligious books are never, or very rarely, men of great literary ability. Many eminent authors have been indecent or irreligious; but indecency or irreligion is only one feature in their writings, and it is counterbalanced by those merits and that exhibition of genius or originality which wins them fame. No writer could be more profoundly and corruptly indecent than ROUSSEAU, and no writer could view religion in a spirit more irreligious than VOLTAIRE. Yet a French Academy from which ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE would in these days be excluded would be an absurdity. Such men ought to be admitted without hesitation, because their literary claims are indisputable, and because nothing but their literary claims is of consequence to a body that only judges of intellectual merit. M. LITTRÉ was confessedly worthy of a seat in the Academy, as he had not, in the eyes of the Academy and society, gone wrong in his philosophy. To judge of him, not by his intellectual ability, but by the errors of his opinions, was to usurp functions to which the Academy has no claim, and to renounce the functions, which, if its existence has any meaning, it exists to discharge.

THE CHURCH-RATE DEBATE.

IT is unfortunate for the dignity of Parliamentary proceedings that the battle which is fought over certain annual motions in the lobby cannot be fought out without the unmeaning preliminary of a debate. Any really instructive discussion upon proposals which, like that for the abolition of Church-rates, have recurred annually in an unaltered shape for the last ten years, is impossible. Every conceivable argument has been repeated until the reporters are able to write them down by anticipation, without waiting to hear the stereotyped language in which they are couched. The contents of the various speeches are almost as much a matter of

regulation as the prayers with which the sitting begins. Every speaker on every side entertains the most intense desire for peace and harmony, and every one professes an unbounded anxiety to benefit the Church of England. Each side has the lowest possible opinion of the motives which actuate its opponents; and some virtuous champion of each—having been himself duly summoned into the House by a regular party whip, and being fully aware that nineteen-twentieths of those who are to vote with him have only been brought there by party organization—loudly professes his hope that nothing will induce the House to degrade this great issue into a party question. All this has become a matter of mere form. It is only a pity that it should be a form which occupies four hours of a debate and three columns of a newspaper report. These annual motions, which can be illustrated by no new argument and can end in nothing but defeat, have become a serious nuisance. Besides the time they occupy, they constitute a formidable addition to the already overflowing cup of Parliamentary hypocrisy. A political battle fought on a religious battle-field is not an ennobling spectacle. That a large amount of the zeal which is expressed for political ideas should be simulated, seems to be a necessity of our system of party government. But political ideas are often in themselves of an importance so limited or so distant that few people are shocked by seeing them used as counters in the game. It is not so easy to maintain the same indifference when a zeal for religion is made to fulfil the same humble office.

The only thing approaching to a novelty that was discoverable in the debate of Wednesday last was the formal introduction of Lord EBURY's compromise to the consideration of the House of Commons. Amid the enormous crop of suggestions that have been made for settling this dispute, more attention appears to have been paid to this one than to any other, chiefly, it should seem, because of the assurance with which it was offered. Lord EBURY gave to it the name of the "Only possible compromise upon Church-rates." It is simple—almost as simple as Sir JOHN TRELAWNY's total abolition. It merely provides that no rate shall be leviable by legal process. It is left open to the incumbent and his churchwardens, if they like, to go through all the preliminary steps which now terminate in the legal levy of a rate. They may hold a make-believe vestry, and pass a mock rate, and issue a fictitious paper, upon which they may, if they like, designate by the misnomer of rate the voluntary subscription for which they may think fit to beg from each person. Lord EBURY concedes to every parish the liberty of going through this farce; and he appears to think that, in doing so, he has made so valuable a concession that he is entitled to give the name of compromise to total abolition enacted upon these terms. This may possibly be the solution to which the Church-rate controversy will ultimately come. But it will not be a compromise. It will be an unconditional surrender. Lord EBURY's impression appears to be, that the formalities of the vestry and the printing of a rate-paper are in themselves operations so full of delight that clergy and laity will desire to practise them simply as a parochial recreation. It has not occurred to him that they are now practised solely with the prosaic object of doing that which is legally necessary in order to raise a tax. But the employment would lose whatever fascinations it now possesses if those who assembled in vestry were previously informed that, do what they would, they could not raise the tax. Under those circumstances, it is probable that their gratitude to Lord EBURY for enabling them to keep up the pretence to a power of which they had been deprived would be very limited indeed. It is easy to appreciate the value of Lord EBURY's compromise by applying it over a somewhat larger area. The King of Prussia and his Chambers are involved in bitter controversy at this moment. What would the Chambers think if some member of the Junker party were to propose to them, as a compromise, that the Chambers should retain the privilege of meeting at Berlin, and should be allowed to pass as many laws as they thought fit, but that no legal penalty should be inflicted on those who treated their enactments with disregard? Lord EBURY might be at this moment advantageously employed as an ambassador to mediate between the North and South in America. A proposal that the Washington Government should be privileged to give as many orders and pass as many laws as they pleased, but that no one beyond the Potomac should be bound to obey them, might in all probability be a "possible compromise" as far as the South were concerned. But it may be doubtful whether the idea would be accepted with equal willingness by the North, who, in regard to this particular kind of arrangement, would occupy a position somewhat

analogous to that which Lord ESBURY wishes to assign to the Church of England. Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL added to the scheme an additional hue of absurdity, which was entirely his own, by proposing to enact, in the same Bill, that the churchwardens should be bound to repair the church, and that they should possess no legal fund with which to do it.

The majority by which the Bill was thrown out would have been thought anything but large in any other case. The cheers with which the announcement of it was received by those who opposed the Bill were due more to the tendency which it indicated than to its intrinsic value. The strange alteration which has taken place in this House of Commons since its members stood upon the hustings, will deserve a corner in every future Constitutional history of England. The violent changes which the policy of the House of Commons has undergone in reference to this question betray the aimlessness and instability of purpose to which large assemblies are always liable when bereft of their natural leaders. Sir ROBERT PEEL set the evil precedent, which later Governments have scrupulously followed, of evading the perplexities of the controversy by absolute inaction. The result is, that the House, being in the main without prejudice upon ecclesiastical questions, and chiefly solicitous that they should be settled somehow, sways undecidedly from side to side, according as the prospect of a settlement shows itself in one direction or another. Sir GEORGE GREY exhibited, in the course of the debate, a characteristic specimen of the feeble handling by which the question has been brought into its present inextricable condition. He announced his intention of voting for the second reading of the Bill—the stage upon which the principle of a measure is either sanctioned or denied. At the same time, he declared that he did so, not for the purpose of passing the Bill, but for the purpose of substituting Lord ESBURY's futile compromise in its stead. And he concluded by reserving to himself the discretion, upon the third reading, of abstaining from any vote at all if he thought fit. This was in miniature an exact picture of the helpless impotence that has brought legislation upon the subject of Church-rates to a dead-lock. Of the two hundred and seventy-five members who voted for the total abolition of Church-rates, probably not one half really desired that so extravagant a proposal should become law. But they voted as they did because they were pledged; and they had pledged themselves to that course because they saw no other issue from the labyrinth. Members will not resist the pressure of their constituents unless they can see that their resistance is likely to have some practical result. Many men would have held out in support of a definite proposal of a moderate character put forward by leaders who were likely to have the power of carrying it out. But no one cared to bind himself to follow the purposeless meanderings of a policy which had no fixed object in view, and only sought to avoid the perplexity of the moment. For a time, the consequence seemed to be that Church-rates were doomed; but those who knew the enormous power which the Church of England can exert were not disposed to believe in the probability of such an issue. The real result of the vacillation of the Governments that have had the command of a majority for the last twenty years has only been to lower the dignity and influence of the House of Commons. The position of football between the active minority in the great towns, and the powerful but torpid majority in the country districts, is one from which the House of Commons would do wisely to extricate itself with all convenient speed.

RESULTS OF THE CHARLESTON EXPERIMENT.

THE Americans have tried for our instruction, and happily with scarcely any loss of life, an experiment upon iron-clad ships which is worth more than a whole summer's firing at Shoeburyness. The engagement in Charleston Harbour, it is true, has taught us less than might have been expected, and much less than seems to be generally supposed, on the broad question of the relative power of ships and forts; but it has furnished results of extreme importance on the subordinate controversy between the advocates of turret or cupola ships and the adherents of the old broadside fashion of armament. It may seem startling to say that the disabling of a whole fleet of ironclads by forts erected for the defence of a harbour is an event which proves little or nothing in the dispute whether floating or fixed batteries ought to be preferred for the protection of our own dockyards. The defenders of Charleston may be thought to have had the identical problem to solve which has given so much trouble to the designers of fortifications for Portsmouth; and such appears to be the opinion of the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, who pronounces the two cases to be as nearly as possible the same. Never-

theless, when examined, they have really very little in common. The approaches to Charleston, though apparently as open as those to Portsmouth, are really limited, in the immediate neighbourhood of the principal forts, to a single channel of comparatively small breadth. That is to say, no vessel of any considerable draught of water can deviate much from one particular course. In the approaches to Portsmouth, a much larger breadth of deep water is to be found; and it was admitted before the Commission who inquired into the subject, that without an effective range of 1,000 yards it would be impossible for any guns to command either entrance between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. This, of course, introduces a difficulty with which the engineers who designed the forts and batteries at Charleston had not to contend; but this distinction is insignificant compared with another, which really gave the defences of Charleston their principal strength. Charleston is not used as an arsenal or a repairing yard for ships of war, and the Confederates as yet cannot be said to have a navy to repair. More than this—Charleston is a blockaded port, and the only traffic in her harbour consists of a single ship dropping in from day to day, after successfully running the gauntlet of the blockade. This situation removed almost all the difficulties in the way of defence. General BEAUREGARD was at liberty to arrange his forts and guns on the assumption that the harbour might be almost entirely blocked up without any serious injury to the defenders. To protect a port to which every entrance is closed except a passage sufficient to admit a single ship is a very easy task, and this was all that the Southern engineers were called upon to do. It was enough that they did well what was required of them; but our own problem is something vastly more difficult. The Duke of SOMERSET seems to forget that we want to keep our roads and ports, and especially Spithead and Portsmouth, open without impediment for ourselves, and at the same time unapproachable by any hostile force. We do not say that this is impossible; but it certainly is not what was done at Charleston, and, indeed, is so far removed from it that the great experiment in which the Yankee iron-clads were so signally discomfited contributes scarcely anything to the solution of the problem.

What the engagement has established, as far as the relative value of ships and forts is concerned, is only what was perfectly well known before, and, indeed, almost admitted of *a priori* demonstration. When a ship practically ceases to be a ship, and is converted into a fort stationed at a point selected by her enemy beforehand, with an exclusive reference to his own convenience and his means of attack, she is certain to have the worst of an encounter with a fixed battery or fort armed with guns of similar calibre. This was what happened at Charleston Harbour. The Confederates chose a particular spot on which they could conveniently concentrate the fire of their heaviest batteries, and the range of which they knew of course to a nicety. If they could only induce or compel the Federals to place their fleet there, and keep it stationary, it was clear that, with a concentrated fire of some hundreds of Whitworth, Blakeley, and other cannon, they could smash any number of vessels long before their twenty or thirty guns could do much serious damage to the various forts. There was no difficulty whatever in bringing about this satisfactory disposition of the enemy's forces. The channel was not wide, and it might be boomed, or rather obstructed with piles, without any serious inconvenience. Once arrived at the obstacle, the enemy would become a stationary target in the best possible position at which the forts could practise till the iron-clads fell to pieces or were prudently withdrawn. The result was exactly what the Southern engineers had anticipated; and it proves only this, that any harbour which it is practicable to block up may be defended by land batteries against the best iron-clads which America has constructed, and probably also against any vessels that ever will be made to float upon the ocean. Take away the mobility of the ship, and give the enemy the choice of her position, and no science in her construction can prevent her being beaten by a fort capable of carrying heavier guns and heavier armour. Even the insignificant cannon which the Chinese mounted on the Peiho forts were sufficient to defeat a fleet of English gun-boats; and in almost every instance where a river or a harbour has been blocked up with obstacles, the defenders have won an easy victory. It is not surprising that even iron-clads should have failed under such a trial. It has been suggested, and perhaps with truth, that the American armour, though generally thicker and heavier than any which we have yet tried, may from its construction be less capable of resisting shot; but, in fact, the armour upon the whole behaved quite as well as an average target at Shoeburyness. The Admiral's ship, the *Ironclad*, was hit between sixty and seventy times, and sustained no material damage.

The *Keokuk*, it is true, which was closer in, and probably less strongly plated, was riddled and sunk with ninety shots, but, with this exception, the armour of the ships does not seem to have been generally penetrated, and the casualties were very trifling. It may be that several of the vessels are too much shaken to be fit for service again without being almost rebuilt, but the most enthusiastic believer in armour can scarcely have contemplated placing ships in the focus of a concentrated fire, to see how long it would be before bolts, plates, and rivets would part company. From what actually happened, it may be fairly inferred that the iron fleet could have steamed past the batteries with comparative impunity, if the channel had only been left open. The battle of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* almost destroyed the project for the defence of Portsmouth, although it had but little bearing on the question. We hope that the battle of Charleston will not produce a counter-extravagance, and lead us to underrate ships' armour with as little reason as stationary forts were depreciated then.

But there is another lesson which it would be madness not to heed. Without knowing the working details of the American turret ships, it is impossible to say that their defects may not be removable; but the mere fact of having a huge moveable mass of iron, on the easy revolution of which the whole offensive power of the ship depends, exposed to the heaviest fire that an enemy can direct against it, is an essential element of weakness which the designers of cupola or turret ships must overcome if their model is to be exclusively used. The weak point in all the Federal ships which suffered at Charleston was the turret. In one instance, it got jammed with *debris*. In others, it was so bent and shattered by the storm of shot as to become immovable; while the ingenious contrivance of a shutter to close the port seems to have refused to work after the first blow which it received. The fault may possibly have been to some extent in the character of the plating, or the mode of supporting the *Monitor*-turrets; but if we are to make use of the costly experiments of actual warfare which the Americans are carrying on for our benefit, no time should be lost in ascertaining whether the cupolas of English ships in course of construction are likely to prove more enduring than the turrets of the ill-fated *Monitors*. It will not be forgotten by the opponents of the turret fashion of armament, that the one ship that stood fire with little injury was the only broadside vessel in the fleet, though it should also be borne in mind that, thanks to the impossibility of steering her, she could not be brought into the front line, and was perhaps attacked at double the range of the shot which demolished the *Keokuk*. After every allowance, it will need a great deal of explanation to restore confidence in the revolving form of armament; and it would be well to ascertain without delay how far the cupolas of the *Royal Sovereign* may be relied on to bear a cannonade like that which disabled the Yankee fleet, and whether any device can be hit upon for securing ships of this class from the casualties to which the weakness of their turret-apparatus seems to expose them.

If Sir JAMES ELPHINSTONE had succeeded in getting his Commission, some light might have been thrown upon this difficult subject; but, until the contrary is clearly made out, we may reasonably doubt, after the recent experiment, whether the turret principle is to be trusted for actual warfare. It is true that, as the weight of artillery increases, the strength and rigidity of defensive armour may be increased too. But there is a limit to the strength of moveable machinery, which may render it almost impossible to bring the cupola of a ship-of-war up to the general average of defensive strength. If this should prove to be the case, there will be no choice but to abandon an extremely ingenious arrangement which has not stood the test of practice. Still, a single experiment on one class of turrets is not conclusive as to others constructed on a different plan; and there are so many recommendations of the general scheme, that it ought not to be given up until every opportunity has been afforded of obviating, if possible, the defect which proved so fatal in the attack on Fort Sumter. If any one can get over this serious difficulty, Captain COLES ought to be able to do so; but before the Admiralty commit themselves to any further employment of turrets, it is for the inventor to show how far he is able to remedy the defect which has made the much-vaunted *Monitor* a warning to the United States instead of to their enemies.

THE SENSE OF HONOUR.

THERE was substantial truth in the remark with which the Lord Chief Justice lately coupled an exceedingly dangerous fallacy, that the greatest security for the due discharge of their functions by officers of the State is their sense of honour. It was

irrelevant on the occasion on which he uttered it, and the contrast between the safeguard of public criticism and the safeguard of the sense of honour was far from a true one. For the mere fact that public functionaries know that their actions will be subjected to a discreet but unsparing criticism is one of the strongest stimulants to the sense of honour that can be found; and the sense of honour can obviously only make a man wish to do right, and not tell him what right is. The most honourable judge may take a narrow view of legal difficulties, may oppose every reform, and may permit his mind to revel in the knowledge of the most miserable technicalities. It is the contact with other minds, the influence of public opinion, and the criticism passed on his own judgments, which will lead him into better paths, and not his sense of honour. Therefore, the fact that a judge or a politician is chiefly to be relied on when he has a sense of honour in no way diminishes the necessity of the utmost freedom of public criticism. But it remains a fact, and, simple as it sounds, it is one of those simple facts which puzzle us directly we begin to speculate on them. For what is this sense of honour, and how does it arise? We know that it exists to a large extent in England, and that it exists now in a larger degree than it did two or three centuries ago. Things are thought dishonourable now that would not have been thought so then. There is less servility, and corruption, and shirking of plain duties. Perhaps the points of honour have shifted, and we think more of things which to our ancestors seemed trivial, and less of other things to which they attached great importance. But in the sphere where we notice the presence or absence of the sense of honour, there is an unquestionable advance. English society has won a series of triumphs, and this improved sense of honour is one of the results. Not even the wildest dreamer could now suspect an English judge of taking a bribe, and a dreamer must be as wild as Mr. Urquhart to suspect a leading English statesman of taking one. Yet Bacon took bribes, and Barillon found that the greatest people would pocket the French King's money. It is still only in certain classes that we either find or expect to find a sense of honour. We do not expect little tradesmen to have it, but we expect leading merchants to have it, and our expectations are satisfied. There are fewer temptations than there used to be to be something less than honourable. Wealth and the different constitution of society have made us more independent, and the efforts of those who in past generations have kept up the standard of honour have created a clearer conception of what honour demands; and thus it becomes more and more a matter of course that respectable men will not fall much below the standard. The modern world is more honourable because it finds being honourable come more easily, and because it is more settled what honour demands.

The exact meaning of "honour" would be very difficult to lay down, but it may be possible to sum up some of the leading notions contained in the word. The chief of these notions is that of self-respect, and the second is that of fidelity. A man of honour is a man who has such a value for himself, or for something which he values so as to make a part of himself, that he will not degenerate from the standard of his own worth. He will act so as to keep up to this standard, although minor influences might pull him the other way. He prefers the satisfaction of satisfying himself to any other satisfaction. But then he limits the area within which he wishes to satisfy himself. He wishes to be faithful. If he undertakes a public duty, he wishes to discharge this duty. He will take his regiment or his ship into action; he will get up all the wearisome details of a department of State; he will work day and night that right judgments may be given in law. If he has made a promise, he will keep it; if he is asked to tell a lie, he will refuse. He will not soil his hands with money that does not come to him fairly. He will not tell a secret that has been confided to him; and if he has received a benefit he will not refuse to acknowledge it. All this he does, or refrains from doing, out of self-respect; and this self-respect is almost always, if not always, accompanied with a respect for some institution, or class, or society to which he belongs. The honourable man regards his country, or his order, or his family, or the body of which he is a member, as a part of himself. A keen patriot, or a real aristocrat, or an officer who thoroughly believes in the army or navy, is pretty sure to be an honourable man.

Thus the sense of honour, as a principle of action, comes to have some very curious limits, although, where it operates, it works so strongly and so beneficially. In the first place, it has nothing to do with morality, except in the department of fidelity arising out of self-respect. A man may get drunk every night, or keep a harem, or hold every heresy that theologians have denounced, and yet be a strictly honourable man. Lady Hamilton did not make Nelson less than the pink of honour, nor did Pitt's port prevent his being one of the purest and noblest statesmen that ever lived. Then, again, it seems to be often a matter of chance what things are or are not forbidden by the code of honour. In England, a judge who took a bribe would be dishonoured for ever, and he would feel dishonour even if he knew that no one could ever suspect him. But in France, judges do not like to face the bore of getting up difficult cases until they have had the stimulus of a present. Custom permits honourable men in England to bribe electors, and, until very lately, it permitted the sons of honourable men, on their entrance into the Universities, to swear to obey a whole volume of obsolete Latin Statutes. An honourable politician may conceal his real opinions, and vote in direct opposition to them, in order to support

his party. And there are still more curious limitations of the field in which honour reigns. Few persons would be quite sure they were speaking accurately if they spoke of the sense of honour of women. It is not exactly the business of women to have a sense of honour. They ought to have Christian principles, and to obey their husbands. Honour goes more with a beard. This arises partly from the connexion between honour and war, and partly from that between honour and offices of public trust. Chivalry has, in a large degree, coloured our notions of honour, and we think of a true knight, of a man faithful to his lady and his sovereign, when we picture the ideal of honour. But we also associate honour with the discharge of public duties and the capacity to discharge them. Women do not seem to belong to their country, or to have so much to do with it as men have. The honour of a woman is the respect paid to her rather than her self-respect. A woman may forfeit esteem, but not self-respect in connexion with public duties. And in the same way, it would hardly seem natural to appeal to the sense of honour of clergymen. They are supposed to refer their conduct to a standard less mundane, and to be guided by something more purely spiritual.

For the sense of honour can scarcely be called a Christian virtue. Just as there is no place for patriotism in the Gospel, so there is none for a feeling so closely associated with patriotism as honour is. And wherever spiritual feelings predominate, the sense of honour seems excluded. The Jews of the Old Testament history were intensely patriotic, and uprightness, and a clean hand, and a true tongue are among the chief objects of the praise of the Psalmists. But it would be very unnatural to speak of David, or of the Maccabees, or Samuel, as guided by a sense of honour. On the other hand, the sense of honour reigned in the breasts of the great Greeks and Romans. Cicero, with all his faults, was as much like the man of honour in upper English society as an ancient could be like a modern. The elder Cato, Brutus, Scipio Africanus, Aristides, Nicias, and a dozen others, might be mentioned as complying exactly with our standard of honour. They were models of the virtues that rest on self-respect associated with public ties and duties. And it is a curious proof of the nearness of the classical world to us in many points of feeling and habit, that honour, which is almost unknown in the East, and which has still so slight a place in many of the Christian countries of Europe, had a hold on Rome almost as strong as its hold on England. If it is asked how this non-Christian virtue, this principle of very limited morality, this guide to the conduct of men and not of women, comes to have so great and so beneficial a place in modern England, we are only set on a long series of difficult questions. Honour, in its perfection, flourishes best in a great State, and a great State only exists where the conception of what a great State is pervades the general mind. The State may be as small as Athens or Sparta, but it must be great in having the capacity to awaken the pride and satisfy the ambition of its citizens. Or, if there is not a great State, then honour must cling to some great institution or cause—to a sovereign or a chief, or to family and races. But even then it may be doubted whether honour ever rises very high, for it is only in a State that men can pass beyond very rudimentary notions of public duties. A great State becomes great for reasons which no one can fully penetrate. One of these reasons is unquestionably a feeling of piety and of veneration for religion. But no spiritual influences could create a great State. They contribute to its creation, but the main result is not spiritual, but secular. We might have expected, if we had not experience to guide us, that these secular results would be of supreme indifference to frail and dying creatures in their pilgrimage on earth. But this is not so. Religion seems to evaporate and lose its power after a time, unless there is a strong current of secular life going on beside it. Everything which a sense of honour would reprobate in England is done unsparingly and unblushingly under the Papal system, which is nothing but religious government gone to seed. The ecclesiastics may be as good and honest as ecclesiastics can be, but they can set nothing right, nor get justice administered, nor truth respected, because they have no secular activity to help them. They have none of the roots from which the tree of honour springs. Things may change in distant ages; but as far as we know at present, religion is not independent of the kingdoms of the world. The sense of honour is part of the salt of the earth, and spiritual energy appears to be bound up with political and social life.

POETICAL PANTHEISM.

A DEEP feeling for nature has always been the characteristic of true poetry. And though this has shown itself in very various degrees throughout the history of literature—though what we call the love of the picturesque, or of natural beauty in and for itself, was almost unknown among the ancients, and though the whole of the French poetry, and one memorable period in our own long pedigree of poets, reveal an absolute contempt for nature unadorned by art—still our axiom will hold generally true. Nature, in one sense or another—the nature of man or the nature of the world without us—must ever be the ultimate model for artistic imitation. There is one peculiar phase of this poetical reverence for nature upon which we may dwell. It consists in an attempt to endow the powers of nature with a spiritual life, to view them as parts of an organic whole, to draw lessons from them, and to sympathize with them as closely related to ourselves. This tendency, it will be observed, differs widely from the old habit of personifying the processes

of nature—of seeing Phœbus in the Sun and Adonis in the changes of the seasons. Nor must we confound it with the common poetical licence of attributing human passions to the elements—of speaking of the rage of the ocean or of the love of Zephyr for the rose. In both of these cases, the human attributes ascribed to nature are consciously and figuratively transferred from one sphere of fancy to another, by poets who simply desire to illustrate their meaning in a new and striking manner. Whereas what may be termed *poetical pantheism* is a real and earnest belief in spiritual vitality underlying all we see around us, and an attempt to interpret the evidences of this life for no mere purposes of literary illustration, but in the search for truth and harmony throughout the universe. Again, this tendency must be distinguished from that fine appreciation of natural beauty which we observe so eminently displayed in our Elizabethan poets and in Milton, and which it is the special glory of Thomas Chatterton to have revived at a time when Churchill ruled the age. The play of fancy which drew from nature's aspects a thousand new and varying conceits, or the simple delight in field and sky and flower which enabled those great poets to paint the world of fact afresh for the inner eye of imagination, was quite different from the philosophic intuition which we have attempted to characterize. Thus Cowper loved nature as one who finds a respite in her companionship from distracting thoughts. Burns loved her as one who has toiled upon the mountain side and in the valley till he knows her slightest feature. Scott loved her as a sportsman and a healthy wanderer on the hills and by the lakes of his fatherland. Byron loved her for her terrific grandeur and her voluptuous beauty, because she answered in all her moods to the changes of his fierce and capricious spirit. But none of the poets whom we have mentioned could be called the high priests of nature. Exquisite observers, careful landscape painters, devoted lovers, were they all; but they did not feel a veneration for the majesty of simple nature. They bowed not before the indwelling spirit; they never hailed the rocks, and flowers and streams as brethren.

It was Wordsworth who first developed this poetical pantheism, and heard one voice in nature. In one sense Wordsworth was the least human of all poets. His dramatic power is very slight, his delineation of the passions is vague and monotonous. The great troubles of humanity truly tortured him; but though he glanced at the secrets of doubt, and hate, and crime, and madness, he never dwelt upon them. He loved to anatomize his own mind, and to observe the processes of thought in others, yet he does not stir us with the oratory of persuasion or of invective any more than with the drama of contending passion and of overwhelming fate. He sings alone, sitting apart, or tells his tale to Nature—taking the rocks and trees and rivers into his confidence. And herein lies his great power. Nature with him becomes the audience of Humanity; in nature there is a spirit to whom we may confess, and from whom we gather strength. This presence does not exclude God. It rather stands in the same relation toward God as we do ourselves, and helps us to understand God. The influence of nature upon the soul Wordsworth has described in his exquisite poem of "Lucy," who drew all beauty, grace, and goodness "by silent sympathy" from the woods, and clouds, and stars, and sounds around her. And he tells us, in his lines on "Tintern Abbey," how the passion which in boyhood had possessed him for the lonely charms of nature passed with manhood into—

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;

A motive and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

In other words, the love of youth, simple and sensuous, for the outer beauty of the world, had become a deep and philosophic insight penetrating beyond the veil, and seeing things unutterable. If it were not a crime to disturb the poetical repose of the verses we have quoted we might translate them into metaphysical terminology, and show what purely pantheistic meaning they convey. Thought and its object, man and the outer world, are all permeated by one motive influence. Sometimes Wordsworth seems to express even a more definite kind of pantheism, which reminds us of Schelling, and leads us to suspect that the mystic monologues of Coleridge had not been unproductive in his mind. The following address to the Deity from the "Excursion" might be taken as an exquisite metaphorical expression of that confusion between Divine and human personality which besets all Pantheism:—

Thou, thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits
That thou includest as the sea her waves.

What an admirable distinction is here conveyed! Each one preserves its individuality, yet all are merged in the one great ocean. We might carry our analysis of this habit of Wordsworth's thought into a thousand different channels; but it must be already so familiar to all readers. If Wordsworth be the Eumolpus of Nature, Keats is her Atys. The one reveals to us the mysteries of Eleusinian Demeter; the other is drunken with the enchantments, and clashes in our ears the cymbals, of Dindymenian Cybele. Keats truly feels a power in nature, but he perceives it with his sense. He is still wandering passion-stricken

among her forests, oblivious of his manhood, and far, far away from the philosophic contemplation which we find in the "Excursion." "The still sad music of humanity" with which Wordsworth chastened nature's melodies, made Keats exclaim for a bowl of strong intoxicating wine:—

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with the fade away into the forest dim.

The differences of character and education which separated the two poets are palpable. Perhaps the only point upon which they exhibit any similarity is this poetical pantheism, as we have termed it. Yet even here a distinction must be drawn. If Keats is to be connected with any philosophical school, it must be with materialism, which, in its most extended form, is simply an inverted pantheism. It need hardly be remarked that such a connexion is purely fanciful, and that the analogies of metaphysics can here be only used to aid our analysis of art.

But it is time to turn to a far more proper and philosophical exponent of this pantheism. Shelley's poetry, more than any other, is full of a mystical kind of Platonism, which exhibits itself, as far as it concerns our present subject, in two ways. By Nature, Shelley seems to have meant both the life of the universe, which is all one, and also the ideal of beauty, which underlies every special manifestation of the fair and good and noble in the world. The former receives a clear and eloquent exposition in "Adonais"; the latter is more fully developed in "Alastor." In this strange poem Shelley attempts to describe the fate of one who has risen to a conception of that eternal loveliness or intellectual beauty which never can be reached in this life. In vain he pursues it over the world; in vain the fairest and sublimest scenes are opened to his gaze; in sleep alone the vision comes across him, and at last he dies.

He I ween
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Acteon like, and fled affrighted.

This is one side of Shelley's mystical Platonism. The all-pervading spirit of Beauty, to which he has indited one of his most mystic hymns, gives form and loveliness to the universe. But not the less is there a Spirit of Life, an *anima mundi*, the power and vital heat of which is felt alike in thunder and the voice of birds, in herbs and stones, in stars and exhalations. This power of life is not materially different from the spirit of Beauty. Like Plato, his great master, Shelley distinguishes the one vital force of nature under many names, and calls it almost indifferently Beauty, Life, and Light, and Love.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely; he doth bear
His part, while the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees, and beasts, and men, into the Heaven's light.

In this stanza there is a far more full and perfect system than can be found even in Wordsworth. It is not merely poetry borrowing the forms of pantheism, but pantheism putting on the dress of poetry. And to his philosophy Shelley owes half the beauty of his verse. Those strange and aerial conceptions of spiritual existences, the ministry of the cloud, the enchantments of the west wind, the sensitive plant, the loves of Earth and Moon, and the apparition of Demogorgon in *Prometheus Unbound*—all in fact, which makes us call Shelley the Spohr of poetry—are ascribable to this pantheistic explanation of the Universe. With him, it is not that spirits, fairies, and angels are to be found everywhere, but that everywhere is a spirit or a genius—that men and beasts and earth and sky make up one breathing whole—a *pōwō*, as the old Greek said.

In Shelley the pure poetical pantheism reaches its highest development. There is a mysticism not wholly unlike it in some parts of Coleridge, especially in the *Ancient Mariner* and in the *Religious Musings*. Yet his love of nature is an opium-eater's love, and we seem to feel its true expression in that luxurious line:—

The fruitlike odour of the golden furze.

Nor does even Goethe speak such downright pantheism in his verses. When a sentiment taken from Spinoza occurs in *Faust*, it is obviously in keeping with the hero's character. Such, for instance, is the celebrated confession of faith, so vague in its sublimity that, while it puzzled poor Margaret, she found in it an echo of the preacher's words. Such, too, is his philosophy of history summed up in the following three lines:—

Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist,
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln.

Some traces of a pantheism more properly poetical, more native to the writer as a poet, and less obviously imported from philosophical studies, may be found in Tennyson. The fine passage of *In Memoriam* which begins, "Thy voice is on the rolling air," breathes the simplest expression of a belief in the spirituality of Nature. Yet Mr. Tennyson, in another passage of the same poem, distinctly combats what commonly is called Pantheism; and even here he does not so much feel the spirits of the dead to be inherent in nature with Shelley, as connect all natural beauties of the higher kind with his remembrance of his friend. In fact, the philosophy is what Germans would call subjective; and if, after coupling Wordsworth with Schelling, Shelley with Plato, and Goethe with Spinoza, we chose to carry on the fancy, we might make of Tennyson a follower of Fichte.

But such slight traces of resemblance ought not to be strained. Enough has been done if we have been able to indicate a manner of regarding nature peculiar to the poets of this century. If we were to ask why "the optic nerve of Darwin"—to use an expression of Mrs. Barrett Browning's—has been superseded by this exalted exercise of the mind's eye, we could find an answer in the extended studies and peculiar philosophical theories of the age. Nature, as we have seen, though expelled by the pitchforks of Dryden's followers, was not long in returning to her old throne. But she drew her votaries from schools and universities where the far-reaching speculations of Plato and the Germans had thrown their fanciful and imaginative light upon all the semi-metaphysical questions of which an educated poetry can treat. Every new era in literature must be marked by some new employment of old materials; and poetical pantheism was but the result of philosophical studies carried into the sphere of pure imagination. Science had taught men the infinity and subtlety of nature; mysticism made them seek for spiritual agencies beneath her external manifestations. And thus a wholly new realm, peopled with the most graceful beings, and suggestive of the most profound conjectures, was opened to a fancy already jaded with the simple contemplation of the beauty of the outer world. Instead of the landscape-painter's palette, our poets began to employ the magic lanterns of metaphysics, with which they created a world of phantoms, beautiful as Aladdin's palaces, and enchanting by their very unreality.

INCONSISTENCY.

THERE is no charge which is more commonly brought, especially against public men, than that of inconsistency, and yet it is almost always brought in a way which at once shows it to be unjust on the face of it. When we are told that a statesman's conduct is inconsistent, the charge nearly always turns out to mean that he says or does something now which seems incongruous with something which he said or did some years ago. Such incongruity may be a fault, or it may not; but at any rate it is not the particular fault of inconsistency. The incongruity may be merely imaginary, or, if it exists, it may be perfectly defensible. Reflection may have caused a real change of opinion, or a change of circumstances may have enforced a change of policy. In such cases, there is no inconsistency, and no fault at all. The fault, in such a case, lies not with the man who changes, but with him who does not change. Undoubtedly, the man, especially the statesman, who is always changing his opinions and his line of policy, is rightly open to censure, but his fault is another fault, and not that of inconsistency. The man who is always changing must often change upon slight grounds, and to change upon slight grounds displays a weakness both of the intellect and of the will. The man who is always changing—who, as the saying is, never knows his own mind—is not guilty of inconsistency, but he is guilty of inconstancy. These two faults are continually confounded, but they are in reality two very different things.

Inconstancy, then, is the habit of change. It is the changing of one's opinions or principles frequently, and without sufficient ground. Inconsistency is professing a certain principle, and, while we continue to profess it, speaking or acting in a way which is not in harmony with it. It is essential to inconsistency that the two things between which the inconsistency lies should be co-existent. If a man changes his convictions seven times a day, he is very inconstant, but he is not inconsistent, provided he speaks and acts according to each conviction as long as he holds it. Inconstancy and inconsistency have something in common, for both alike imply a certain intellectual or moral weakness. They are two distinct manifestations of one original disease. Still, they are quite distinct manifestations, and ought not to be confounded with each other. They are kindred weaknesses, but they are not the same; indeed, the one will be very likely to exclude the other.

When we say that inconsistency is speaking or acting contrary to one's own convictions, we generally imply that such contrariety is not perceived by the person guilty of the inconsistency, or, at all events, that, if perceived, it is not deliberately intended. Inconsistency, then, is not one of the graver faults of life; it is not a crime, but a weakness. It is a common infirmity of our nature, from which no one is wholly exempt. No man is either so wise as he should be, or so good as he should be; and the failures of a man, who is on the whole wise and good, to attain to perfect wisdom and goodness, commonly take the form of inconsistencies. In such a man's intellectual or moral character, just as in a work of art, the inconsistencies are specks on an otherwise clear surface; they are failures fully to reach the ideal which is aimed at. But they do not seriously mar the general effect; at least they do not so far disguise it as to hinder us from clearly seeing what the ideal sought after is. Where there are failings which do so, whether intellectual or moral, we call them by harder names than that of inconsistency.

Inconsistency, as we have implied, may be either intellectual or moral, though there is a border ground on which the two run very much into one another. Moral inconsistency is when a man professes, either to himself or to others, to be guided by certain principles of action, and then goes and acts in a way contrary to them. It implies something more than a barren admiration of virtue in others, without professing or attempting to imitate it ourselves. The inconsistent man not only admires virtue, he not only professes to imitate it, but he really attempts to do so, and often is quite unconscious that he does not succeed. Whether he

is so unconscious or not forms a distinction between two kinds of moral inconsistency. A man may profess, and may really intend, to act in a certain way, and yet go and act in another way, without being in the least conscious of the inconsistency. He may be so blinded by passion, or habit, or fashion, as either to forget his principle or not to see its application. Or, without any influence of either kind, he may go astray from sheer dulness—from not seeing the inconsistency between his profession and his practice, perhaps not even when it is pointed out to him. In all these cases a man is acting inconsistently without knowing it—at any rate, without knowing it when he is acting. He may see the inconsistency afterwards, and may regret what he has done, but he does not see it at the time, and he therefore feels no compunction while he is doing it. It is clear that in this case, though the inconsistency may affect a man's moral conduct, yet the inconsistency itself is as much intellectual as moral. This sort of moral inconsistency is the inconsistency of a man who is more or less stupid.

The other sort of moral inconsistency has nothing to do with any intellectual deficiency. The weakness is purely moral—it is in the will, not in the reason. This is when a man professes a certain line of conduct, and really wishes and tries to act according to it, but fails to do so, knowing all the time that he is failing. The failures themselves may be of every degree, from really grave moral offences to the slightest departures from an impossible perfection. But, widely as they may differ in degree, they are alike in kind—they are all sins of infirmity. They are errors of that kind which in the technical language of Aristotle's *Ethics* is called *akrasia*. The *akrasia*, in Aristotle's system, knows that he is doing wrong, and wishes to do otherwise. The *akrasia* has lost the sense of right or wrong altogether, or at any rate his ideas are so confused that he thinks that to be right which is really wrong. A mild form of this last state would come near to the unconscious moral inconsistency of which we have just spoken. But the inconsistent man of whom we are now speaking retains his full sense of right and wrong, his real wish to follow right and to avoid wrong, even at the time when he is acting wrongly. We spoke in the other case of a man being blinded by passion, or habit, or fashion. In this case he is not blinded by them, but he is led astray by them without being blinded. The fault is in the will. There is a lack of courage, a lack of true resolution, a lack of the power to say No, whether to oneself or to somebody else. Such a man may commit really grave offences, and be thoroughly ashamed of himself, and in a manner hate himself, all the time that he is committing them. Or, again, the departure from perfect excellence may be of the slightest kind. But in either case it is an inconsistency, a conscious inconsistency, a departure from a man's own principles, of which he is fully aware.

Experience supplies some very remarkable cases of this sort. There have been many men who have been saints in theory and sinners in practice. Such a one was Boswell. Perhaps Boswell's extraordinary candour, in so fully revealing alike the saintliness of his theories and the sinfulness of his practice, has made him the best recorded example of a thoroughly inconsistent man. Steele was another. While living anything but a virtuous life, he wrote his *Christian Hero*, setting forth the pattern of what he wished to be, but was conscious that he was not. He wrote the book with the deliberate intention of reforming himself. He thought that, after so solemn a profession of his principles, he never could fall into any inconsistency again. And yet he did fall as much as before. Men of this sort are inconsistent—deeply and dangerously inconsistent; they are on the high road to becoming something much worse than inconsistent; but they are most unfairly treated when they are charged with hypocrisy. The theoretical piety of Boswell and Steele was as sincere as that of the most perfect saint. They did not pretend to be virtuous, knowing that they were not so; they tried to be virtuous, and failed, and they were ashamed of the failure. We have no reason to suppose that they were presumptuous sinners, deliberately trifling with their consciences. They were simply men of infirm moral purpose, who failed to resist their own passions and the example of others. They were certainly not good men, but they were surely in a more hopeful frame of mind than those who are always ready with some clever sophism to defend their own evil deeds. Of this last condition we hold that the greatest example on record is no other than King Harry the Eighth.

Purely intellectual inconsistency answers to the first kind of moral inconsistency. It is implied in its very idea that it is unconscious. A man lays down some general principle, and fails to act upon it in each particular case. He asserts a certain rule of judgment, but in practice he makes exceptions to his own rule. He professes to follow a certain line of conduct, and in practice he fails, in this or that case, to follow it. In intellectual as in moral matters, the inconsistency may show itself either in great or in small things. An historian may profess to accept no fact except on sufficient contemporary evidence, and yet we may find that in his actual narrative he allows himself to be swayed by statements and inferences of much later times. Or an author may have—as indeed every accurate man will have—theories of spelling and punctuation, and we shall find that he spells some words and punctuates some sentences in a way not agreeing with his own theory. The importance of the results in the two cases is widely different, but they are both of them inconsistencies of essentially the same kind. A man professes to follow a certain rule, and in particular cases he fails to follow it. As nobody is intellectually, any more than morally, perfect, everybody does this more or less. But it

is essential that the inconsistency should be unconscious, otherwise we call it something worse than inconsistency. A man, through forgetfulness of his own rule, or through carelessness of details, or because passion, or habit, or mere dulness hinders him from seeing the application in each case, fails to carry out the rule which he has himself laid down. He is therefore inconsistent; but if he breaks his own rule knowingly, his fault is something different from inconsistency. In graver cases, such as sinning wilfully against a known rule of historical evidence, it rises to the higher level of dishonesty. Of course a man may lay down a rule as to be observed only with certain exceptions; that is, he lays down a second rule to modify the first. Here, again, inconsistency may step in, because he may be led, from any of the causes mentioned before, to make exceptions without any good reason—that is, in truth, to act inconsistently against his own rule.

This intellectual inconsistency and the unconscious kind of moral inconsistency continually run into one another. Indeed, they are hardly to be distinguished from one another. A man's moral conduct must be guided more or less by intellectual processes—by reflexion whether such or such an action is in agreement with the rules of moral conduct which he lays down. It was strictly an intellectual inconsistency—a failure to perceive the force of an argument—when John Wesley professed to be convinced that Bishops and Presbyters were the same, and then, by way of carrying out his new conviction, proceeded, himself a Presbyter, to consecrate another Presbyter as a Bishop. Yet the intellectual inconsistency influenced his practical, if not strictly his moral, conduct in a very important way. On the other hand, the study of history, or philosophy, or any other study worthy of the name, must be carried out under a distinct sense of moral duty. It is contrary to good morals, whether dealing with present or past events, to accept facts on insufficient evidence or to pass judgments which the facts do not bear out. If a man, say in writing history, does so unconsciously, his inconsistency is a moral as well as an intellectual inconsistency. He fails, through some of the causes already spoken of, to discharge a moral duty. If he consciously admits facts without evidence, or passes judgment contrary to the facts, we then call him something much worse than inconsistent. In the smallest cases of intellectual inconsistency, we hardly fancy moral considerations coming in. And yet in truth they do. Accuracy in small matters, in composition and such like, answers to attention to the small rules of society, and to small formal observances of every kind. Yet it is clear that, in any society, it is a man's duty to attend to such small rules and observances whenever they do not involve the breach of any higher law. And in like sort it is a man's duty, in any intellectual or literary undertaking, to be perfectly accurate in all that he undertakes, in small matters as well as in great.

Inconsistency then, of all kinds, is something very different from inconstancy. Why, then, are the two so constantly confounded? Why are so many people charged with inconsistency who, perhaps, are not fairly open to any charge at all, and whose fault, if there be any, is certainly inconstancy, and not inconsistency? This confusion arises from a very prevalent notion that it is disgraceful for a man, under any circumstances, to change his opinion—a notion which is chiefly prevalent among people who are always changing their opinions themselves. Many people change as often as the *Times* changes, and yet think themselves quite constant, and quite consistent. Perhaps, indeed, they lay down the rule always to go with the *Times*; and, if so, they are consistent in their very inconstancy. In such a case, it is the rule itself that we quarrel with, and not its application. But these very people will gravely declaim against the inconsistency of this or that statesman, because he says or does something different from what he said or did twenty years ago, perhaps under wholly different circumstances. There is, in truth, no one so inconsistent as the man who professes never to change. There must be something faulty in the logic which always draws the same conclusion from premisses which are constantly varying. In short, the man who is always carping at the inconsistency of others will generally be found to come under Macaulay's alternative of being "either an inspired prophet or an obstinate fool."

THE REVISED CODE IN OPERATION.

FROM April 1st, the Revised Code has become the Educational law of the land, at least for a year or two. Crusty country clergymen, remembering the uses to which the first part of the day is usually devoted by schoolboys, have been saying ugly things about the mutual fitness of "the hour and the man," and musing on the poetic justice which connects this singular institution with All-fool's-day. *Ad uit' omen.* The work of five-and-twenty years, with its elaborate apparatus of Training College, Certificated Master and Pupil-Teacher, is being thrown to the chances of hazard for the amusement of a headstrong Vice-President. Numbers of practical difficulties, of which "My Lords," judging from their correspondence, do not seem to have the faintest notion, are already arising on all hands; and the present state of things can hardly be other than transitional. Only it may be feared that two or three years of sinister manipulation will have ruined half the schools in the country, and that a few days' work with the axe will lay low the growth of a generation. And it is of absolute necessity that this waste be prevented, if possible. Accepting, then, for the moment, the principle of the Revised Code, and

willing to give it a fair trial, managers have a clear right to require that it be applied, as nearly as possible, *pur et simple*, without irritating limitations. And we proceed to call attention to a few of these limitations, in the hope that they may yet be removed in time.

The first interference with the principle is, of course, that on which Mr. Walter was only beaten by seven votes last year, and on which he proposes on Tuesday next to take the sense of the House again—viz. that which restricts the application of public money to schools which are under a certificated master. He naturally asks, “If results are to be the test, what is it to the Privy Council Committee who produces them, or how? Leave managers to make their own bargains here, as everywhere else.” This, however, is hardly the whole story. The training of certificated masters has been a costly element in the expenditure of the State; and, notwithstanding a few flagrant cases here and there of shallowness and self-conceit, the testimony of the Education Commissioners is decisive as to the marked superiority of certificated over uncertificated masters as a body. Moreover—which is most to the point—certificated masters receive, and ought to receive, better salaries than their brethren. A school, therefore, which pays more than its neighbours, and is only paid on a level with them, carries undue weight in the educational handicap, and is punished for its excellence. Nor is it to be entirely forgotten, that if the 15,000 uncertificated schools are admitted to a share in the grant on its present scale, all notions of economising any part of the 800,000*l.* hitherto devoted to the purpose must be dismissed at once. Half as much more will be the least that will hereafter be required. We do not agree with Mr. Walter, but we do not see how the authors of the Revised Code can resist him. Our own feeling is, that the case is one for compromise. The four shillings granted on the average attendance, and irrespective of examination, should remain the reward of the primary, and most valuable, result of all—a good school under a first-rate master. It annually costs more, is permanently worth more, and ought therefore to receive more, than an inferior establishment, whatever may be the temporary results of the latter. On the other hand, the payments for proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic may fairly be extended—either on the same scale as that of the certificated schools, or on a lower one—to all schools that are tolerably successful in rearing that species of produce.

Another restriction requires very considerable modification. The grant may be withheld altogether if the principal schoolroom does not contain at least eighty cubic feet of internal space for each child in average attendance. No doubt some sanitary arrangement of the kind is necessary, and the proposed number of feet is sufficient for the purpose; but the author of the singular provision that the *principal* schoolroom must contain it all can scarcely have been inside one in his life, or perhaps labours under the delusion that schoolrooms are ordinarily built of indiarubber, and can be made to expand at pleasure. When the population of a place has outgrown the school accommodation that sufficed for twenty years ago, managers usually build additional rooms. To enlarge the principal room is simply impossible, except by pulling down and rebuilding the whole fabric, as anybody may satisfy himself by going into the first school-buildings that he meets with. Moreover, the best school-founders have preferred, where the expense could be afforded, to educate children in the comparative silence of three or four rooms, rather than encounter the noise of a large number gathered together in a single apartment. Perhaps it is right enough that mere class-rooms should be excluded, though we do not well see how the restriction can be maintained even here; but where two or more rooms of nearly equal size have been provided instead of one, it seems simply monstrous that, in return for their extra outlay, managers should be only allowed to educate half the number of scholars for which their rooms were built, or, if they venture to present for examination the occupants of the additional rooms, must lose their grant altogether. The only reason alleged for this preposterous regulation is given in the “Instructions to Inspectors,” art. 32—viz. that “the school must, for many purposes, meet as one body.” The whole number of scholars in a large school meet together, as matter of fact, for just five minutes in the morning at prayers, and five more in the afternoon for the same purpose—probably also, once a year, for a school-feast. Another limitation of the principle of payment for results, which we think will press hardly, is that under which the amount of payment is not allowed to exceed that of the school-fees and subscriptions. Some proportion, very possibly, should be observed between local effort and State subsidy; but the most meritorious managers are obviously those who maintain a school in a place where the population is the poorest, and can therefore least afford to pay school-pence, while the subscribers are practically the clergyman and two or three others; and these are just the persons who will suffer the most from this queer application of the maxim, “To him that hath shall be given;” &c. We have some reason for believing that, in practice, this regulation will close many schools in exactly the localities where they are most needed.

One other variation of the original Code, imported at its last revision, is not so much a limitation of the principle of payment by results as an arbitrary infraction of the terms of the contract between the Privy Council Committee and the managers. When the Code was first launched, it was seen at once that it seriously threatened the incomes of the masters, and it was not denied that it foreboded the extinction of the pupil-teachers altogether. The masters took the alarm, and were powerful enough to procure a

proviso that their stipends (to the extent of the augmentations hitherto paid by the State) should henceforth be the first lien upon the sum granted to the school. Illiberal or needy managers, however, can generally “dodge” this device, by reducing the original stipend to its minimum—twice the amount of the augmentations—instead of leaving it, as hitherto it has not unfrequently been, three times that sum, or more. But the pupil-teachers next appealed to the benevolence of the framers of the Code, and their lien is a much more oppressive affair. For the last fifteen years or more, pupil-teachers have been an exceptional and highly-favoured class. A child of thirteen, once elected into the number, received during the years of his apprenticeship a stipend liberal enough to excite the envy of the parents of apprentices to every other business. Then, if the pupil-teacher passed a not very difficult examination, his expenses for two years at college were borne by the Privy Council Office; and at the end of that time, as a general rule, he received his certificate, and his fortune was made for life. No other class of Her Majesty’s subjects have enjoyed anything like the advantages of this favoured body. It was quite right that it should be so. The new and much improved teaching-power thus introduced has been most valuable; and it is possibly now time that the hitherto protected interest should find its level in the educational market, though we much doubt the wisdom of the proceeding. So, however, it has been ruled. The difficulty is, what to do with the existing staff of pupil-teachers during the three or four years that their indentures have still to run. The natural provision appears to us to be, that the managers should pay them the stipends they intend permanently to pay for such service; and that the Privy Council, if it has made a lavish bargain, should pay the balance during the few years that must elapse before things have settled down into their natural relations between managers and pupil-teachers. Something of the same sort has recently occurred in another department. A few years ago, the Admiralty entered into indentures for ten years with an artillery pupil-teacher of the name of Armstrong, guaranteeing him, among other stipulations, a good round sum if at any earlier period it should happen to think better of it. Recently, the Admiralty has indicated its desire to admit a little competition into the matter. The knighted pupil-teacher has resigned, and, we believe, has liberally foregone his 80,000*l.* But the new competitors—Mr. Whitworth and the rest—would have opened their eyes considerably if the Admiralty had told them that they were admitted to compete in the production of artillery for the Government, only they must pay the 80,000*l.* out of their earnings. The case is exactly the same here. The Privy Council repents of having made a costly bargain, and escapes the consequences by inflicting them on the managers of schools.

There is one other matter which is of more importance than it appears at first sight. The scholars under the new system are to be arranged for examination under six standards, which roughly correspond with the state of intellectual enlightenment which an average boy or girl may be supposed to have attained at the successive years of seven to twelve. This is all as it should be, and it may be rightly enough decided that no child shall be presented two successive years under the same or a lower standard, though we do not exactly see how the managers of a school of ordinary dimensions can afford to keep beyond one year the less intellectual of their scholars, i.e. those who want their assistance the most. But we do not at all understand why children who have passed the highest standard at an earlier age than the average are thenceforth (unless they be half-timers—i.e. children employed in some sort of industrial work, manufacturing or other) to be an unremunerative dead weight upon the school. They ought, one would think, rather to entitle the school to an extra gratuity. At present, the system seems likely to work simply as a discouragement to the master’s activity. He will soon learn French enough to construe *Surtout, point de déle*, into practical English, and keep his most promising boys down to average dulness.

All these interferences with the principle of payment according to results appear to us to be purely mischievous; and they will tell materially upon a point which does not seem to have occurred to the framers of the Code. These latter speak throughout of “the managers” as a body of persons that exist by some beneficent provision of nature, and are sure to be forthcoming wherever they are wanted; and they seem to be of opinion that the business of the Privy Council Office is to treat them as a sort of natural enemies, to be snubbed, entrapped, and victimized at all points. We fancy they will find themselves considerably mistaken. The office of school-managers is sufficiently onerous and hazardous at best. They are to find education for the parish at their own expense in the first instance, and to take their chance of making ends meet at the close of the year. They have no chance whatever of netting a surplus; and a hundred things may land them in a serious deficit any day. An epidemic in the parish, or a hard winter, may hopelessly sink the annual average. A rainy day when the Inspector happens to arrive, or Inspectorial dyspepsia of whatever sort, or any one of a number of casualties, may reduce indefinitely the sum to be gained in examination. And finally, an inability (which is far from uncommon) to procure an adequate amount of subscriptions, or a stoppage of some branch of local industry, may leave them, after having fairly earned a large grant, in a condition to be able to claim only a fraction of it. Meanwhile they are pledged to their expenditure; or rather, they have expended their money already, and nothing remains for it but to make up the deficiency themselves. In the case of

pupil-teachers' stipends, more particularly, the grievance will be, for the next three or four years, an enormous one. Take a town school whose necessary expenditure is about 200*l.* a year. The school may manage to raise half of this sum in pence and subscriptions, though we suspect that those schools which do so will be the exception; and then, by diligent work, it may secure the other half from the Privy Council's grant. But if the school has been misguided enough to co-operate cordially with the Privy Council in past years, and to engage as many pupil-teachers as the Privy Council Committee has authorized and recommended, then, while an inefficient school which has employed as few of these subordinates as possible escapes comparatively harmless, the good one suffers in exact proportion to its excellence, and finds its 200*l.* docked by a lien of about 6*l.* for assistance which it would probably procure, if left to make its own terms, for about half the sum. These are no imaginary difficulties. They are pressing upon meritorious schools by scores at this moment; and the result is, that nobody can be found adventurous enough to be a manager. Here and there, a squire or a well-to-do clergyman may undertake the office, and (in order to comply with the regulation which requires three persons to sign the receipt for the annual grant) may send his gardener and groom to the evening-school to qualify themselves for the appointment by acquiring the ability to write their names. But these will be the rare exceptions; and we apprehend that, in the majority of schools, it will be found that, by the time the Privy Council Committee has hampered, and burdened, and irritated, and bamboozled the model manager into the condition of a much-enduring educational Ulysses, and finally docked him of half his expectations and left him with a heavy balance to pay, he will be found to have evaporated in the process. These things should be set to rights at once. A public office generally has infirmities enough, and makes mistakes enough, in the ordinary course of things. Sharp practice need not be one of them, and should, above all things, be avoided.

SIR GEORGE GREY'S LAST.

WE thought we understood our Home Secretary pretty well by this time, but we own that we were a little taken by surprise by the revelation he gave of himself the other night, when he explained the circumstances under which he resented the Glasgow murderer, Jessie M'Lachlan. Sir George Grey's mind belongs to a sufficiently ordinary type, and we have had ample data, through a long course of years, for estimating his characteristic weaknesses. We could hardly have supposed that the world had much that was new to learn of the mental idiosyncrasies of the Minister who gives the gatoters the run of the streets of London in November nights, who has nullified on his own authority every security and safeguard by which the Legislature sought to neutralize the dangers of tickets-of-leave, who has allowed prison discipline and penal servitude to dwindle into a farce, and under whose administration it is always an even chance whether a capitally convicted criminal will suffer the sentence of the law. Nevertheless one can never be quite sure that one has sounded the depths of certain forms of imbecility. Sir George Grey's account of the considerations which induced him to commute the sentence on M'Lachlan is perhaps unexampled as a specimen of confusion of thought, and weakness of purpose, and undisguised submission to influences which a responsible statesman ought to be ashamed of recognising.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the facts of a case which must still be fresh in the recollection of all readers. Nor is it our present business to demonstrate the sufficiency of the evidence on which Jessie M'Lachlan was found guilty of having murdered the housekeeper, Janet M'Pherson. We will only say that, though all human tribunals are fallible, that evidence was perfectly conclusive to the judge and jury who were best able to estimate its value; and the unanimity of the jury (unanimity not being required by Scotch law) adds special weight to the verdict. There was nothing to set against it but a story of the prisoner's, which flatly contradicted, in every material particular, a previous statement of her own, and which was pronounced both by the judge who tried the case and by the Lord Justice Clerk, who was subsequently consulted, to be wholly undeserving of attention. This, however, is not the point with which we have now to do. What we are at present concerned with is not the existence or non-existence of a scintilla of doubt as to the sole and exclusive guilt of the woman M'Lachlan, but Sir George Grey's explanation of the motives which led him to try the case over again in a secret and informal way, and ultimately to commute the sentence against the prisoner. The gist of the explanation may be given very shortly. The Home Secretary tells us, in almost so many words, that he shrank from offending the Glasgow mob, and that he ordered this new and irregular *quasi* trial in deference to their clamour. He does not say that he saw any room for doubt in the matter which was of itself sufficient to require a revision of the proceedings; but there was "sufficient doubt to make it inexpedient, with reference to the general feeling existing in Scotland on the subject, that the capital sentence should be executed." If there had been no "general feeling existing in Scotland on the subject"—in other words, if there had been no organized agitation got up in the prisoner's favour—Sir George Grey leaves us to infer that he would never have dreamed of not letting the law take its course. Doubts or no doubts, he gives us to understand that he would have hanged

the woman without more words, if the mob had made no objection. But, in the face of a strong popular howl, it was expedient to make much of doubts which otherwise might have been safely unheeded. It was not the doubt, pure and simple, that determined his conduct, but the doubt *plus* the "general feeling." And he harps on this point with an emphasis and iteration which make it clear that the inexpediency of going against a supposed popular sentiment weighed considerably more with him than the alleged doubts which ultimately furnished an ostensible justification for a commutation of the sentence. "As a rule, I hold that where a case is clear and undoubted, where the jury have found their verdict, and the judge entirely concurs in it, and where no new light is thrown on the facts by communication with the judge, the Secretary of State ought to allow the law to take its course; but circumstances sometimes occur to modify that principle." The circumstance which occurred in the Glasgow case to modify the principle was the existence of "a general, I may almost say a universal feeling," in favour of a woman who, by her own confession, was at least an accessory to a foul and barbarous murder. In short, it comes to this—that Sir George Grey, having been led to believe that "public opinion in Scotland would be shocked if this capital sentence were carried out," attached factitious value to doubts which by their own inherent weight would have made little or no impression on him, and consequently employed a respectable professional gentleman to take *ex parte* "evidence" in a private room from unsworn witnesses, in the hope of making out a case for commuting an unpopular sentence. It is difficult to imagine a surer method for *not* arriving at the truth.

If we wrong Sir George Grey in putting the matter in this light, it is his fault, not ours. We merely reproduce his own statement. He expressly tells us, over and over again, that the fear of displeasing the Glasgow mob—or, as he calls it, "shocking public opinion in Scotland"—was the uppermost consideration in his mind from first to last. He takes particular pains to disabuse people of the notion that he may have been exclusively, or even chiefly, influenced by a simple desire to sift the facts to the bottom, and correct a suspected judicial error. With a confusion of ideas which seems almost incredible, he actually compares this Glasgow case to the totally dissimilar one of the soldier who some time ago shot a comrade under circumstances of provocation which clearly took the crime, in a moral point of view, out of the category of murder. As it is certain that no doubt as to any matter of fact led to the commutation of the sentence in that instance, and as Sir George Grey claims credit in both alike for having overruled an unpopular sentence because it was unpopular, we can only come to the conclusion that he really considered it immaterial whether M'Lachlan was guilty or not. Under the circumstances, one scarcely sees why there need have been any re-investigation of the case at all. The Home Secretary had made up his mind; expediency and general feeling had settled that the woman must on no account be hanged; and the ceremony performed in Mr. Young's private parlour was an idle superfluity.

This explanation of Sir George Grey's will be exceedingly satisfactory to all intending murderers, especially in Scotland, who may happen to have zealous and influential friends to interest "public opinion" in their behalf. Interesting murderesses, more particularly, may consider themselves quite safe from the gallows so long as the present Home Secretary remains in office. Our countrymen north of the Tweed have more than once of late years shown that their sympathies are easily warmed up to boiling point in the cause of a fair prisoner accused of an unusually revolting murder; and now that it is announced on authority that there is always an appeal from judge and jury to "general feeling," we may expect that the appellate jurisdiction will be pretty freely invoked. Only get up a rousing agitation, let crowded and enthusiastic meetings and multitudinously signed petitions respond to thundering leaders in the local penny papers, placard the walls well (as we are told was done at Glasgow) with portraits of "the heroine of the tragedy," and ferocious denunciations of somebody else as the real assassin—and Sir George Grey succumbs at once. A state of "circumstances" is created which "modifies the principle" that the convicted murderer shall surely die. There is of course not the least occasion that the rational and reflecting part of the community should contribute their quota to the "general feeling" which makes it inexpedient to hang a popular criminal. A respectable Scottish member assured the House the other night that there were "not a dozen sensible men to be found in Scotland who had the slightest doubt that this woman, alone and unaided, committed the murder;" but a Minister of Justice who takes his instructions from "general feeling" need not trouble himself about the opinion of the sensible men. It is quantity that does it, not quality. On the whole, we do not recollect any incident even in the official career of the present Home Secretary (which is saying a good deal) so calculated to weaken and discredit the authority of law and justice as his Parliamentary avowal of subserviency to mob clamour in the exercise of an essentially judicial function. There may or may not have been circumstances in this Glasgow murder which might of themselves justify a reconsideration of the sentence; but the grounds put forward by Sir George Grey as constituting his principle of action were grounds which ought not to have weighed for an instant with a Minister responsible for the due execution of the law. His speech on the M'Lachlan case can only be regarded as setting a premium on the worst and most demoralizing sort of popular agitation.

NAVAL COURTS-MARTIAL.

ALTHOUGH the proceedings of naval courts-martial are less extravagant than they used to be, they still present some features which would be likely to surprise spectators accustomed to the administration of justice in ordinary courts of law. It was not unusual, within living memory, when an admiral or captain preferred a charge against an officer serving under him, for the prosecutor to be a member of the court which tried the charge. A clause in the Act of Parliament passed for the regulation of the Royal Navy, in 1851, expressly forbids the prosecutor to be a member of the court; and it may be inferred—as is, indeed, well known—that the practice thus forbidden existed before the passing of the Act. Again, it has occurred within no very remote experience that the court has administered an oath to the prisoner himself, and has proceeded to examine him in support of the prosecutor's case. At this day it is a prevailing practice in these courts to try, not only the prisoner, but the witnesses. If that rule of the common law which excuses a witness from criminizing himself were appealed to before a court-martial, the witness would probably be told by the President that he had better not prevaricate. If witnesses are examined in the style which in the assize courts is thought to conduce to justice, the President of a court-martial will probably treat the answers obtained as immaterial; but if what are called "leading" questions are asked freely by the prosecutor, the same President will express his satisfaction at what he will call "coming to the point." It would be difficult to speak too highly of the patience and uprightness of intention which characterise these tribunals, and it may be allowed that they do slowly and painfully arrive, in general, at truth and justice. But the process is terribly tedious to those concerned, and more costly than may have been estimated to the country. The chief cause of the protraction of these inquiries is the same which operated to prolong the celebrated investigation into Mr. Windham's sanity—viz., a want of power in the presiding legal officer or assessor to guide and control the proceedings of the court. A recent court-martial, held at Portsmouth for the trial of two officers of the *Cadmus*, extended over fourteen working days, during all which time an admiral and five post-captains were withdrawn from their ordinary duties. The ship in which the alleged offences were committed had just returned from a four years' cruise, and would, in the ordinary course of things, have been paid off, but she was kept in commission until the inquiry was completed. Thus for something like a month the crew of this ship were partly paid and wholly maintained unprofitably, at an expense which would not be extravagantly estimated at 70*l.* a day. It is a very poor set-off against these heavy items of expense to notice that the pay of the officiating Judge-Advocate at a court-martial is only 3*l.* a day. The direct cost of these inquiries as at present managed is only a small part of what the country has to pay for them, but it is the only part which attracts attention, or in which an increase is likely to be grudged.

The respectable solicitor who officiates as Judge-Advocate at Portsmouth could not, if he were the ablest lawyer in all England, perform satisfactorily the inconsistent duties of judge and prosecutor. It is to be observed that, in ordinary cases, the officer who brings the charge is prosecutor, but in cases of special importance which the Admiralty itself takes up, the Judge-Advocate prosecutes, acting at the same time as judge, or rather as legal assessor of the Court. In effect, the same person is both judge and counsel for the prosecution; and if it be admitted that a judge in a criminal case ought, to some extent, to act as counsel for the prisoner, it results that a Judge-Advocate in an Admiralty prosecution is the nearest extant realization of Mrs. Malaprop's idea of Cerberus, which was "three gentlemen at once." It is evident that this arrangement is utterly opposed to common English ideas of justice; and, without questioning the fairness of the Admiralty in all proceedings connected with courts-martial, it may be safely said that if they wanted to turn those courts into instruments of oppression, they could adopt no more hopeful plan than that of uniting the functions of judge and prosecutor. There was lately a discussion in the House of Lords upon the case of Lord Elphinstone, who was deprived of his command by the Admiralty after a court of inquiry had reported upon the circumstances under which the ship which he commanded got ashore in entering the Thames. The report of this inquiry was sent by the Admiralty to Lord Elphinstone, with an intimation that if, after reading it, he still desired a court-martial, it should be granted to him. As Lord Elphinstone happened to have powerful friends, he was able to make a sort of appeal from the Admiralty to the House of Lords, instead of humbly acquiescing in the censure and penalty imposed upon him, as is the necessity of officers who cannot find influential advocates in Parliament. The conduct of the Admiralty was adroitly assailed by Lord Chelmsford, who compared it to that of a judge who should say to a prisoner against whom the grand jury had found a true bill, "You see, prisoner, the grand jury think you are guilty, and I feel bound to tell you that I have read the depositions and I think so too; but if you like to give me the trouble of trying you, why you can." The parallel would be exact if it were true that the Admiralty would itself have tried Lord Elphinstone. But what the Admiralty would have really done would have been this—it would have issued an order for a court-martial, which would have been composed of officers of the highest honour, upon whom it would have been im-

possible for the Admiralty to exercise any unfair influence, even supposing the department to be capable of attempting so to do, which is quite incredible. But, as this would be a prosecution by the Admiralty, there would be a Judge-Advocate employed to conduct it—an arrangement which not only affords ground for suspicion of unfairness, but really makes it difficult, with the best intentions, to do justice. It is not necessary to press the case against the present system further than this, that it is capable of great abuse, and that it subjects upright men to unmerited imputations. The Judge-Advocate begins to play his double part even before the case comes into Court. If the Admiralty feels any legal difficulty in framing the charge upon which it wishes to proceed, the usual course appears to be to lay papers before the learned gentleman who is both counsel to the Admiralty and Judge-Advocate of the fleet. Except in very rare and special cases, the Judge-Advocate does not appear in person at a court-martial, but it is quite competent for him so to do; and it might happen that a charge would be actually perused and settled by the very person who on all legal points would have the absolute direction of the trial arising out of it. Something like a notion of how things are, or may be, managed at a court-martial may be obtained by supposing that in the proceeding now pending against the builders of the ship *Alexandra*, the junior counsel for the Crown, who draws the information, the Attorney-General, who conducts the case for the Crown in Court, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who presides over the trial, were one and the same person.

There can be no possible excuse for such a system, nor any explanation of its existence, except that it has descended from an age in which it was not thought so important as it is now that the administration of justice should be kept free from the faintest shadow of suspicion. It is beyond controversy that the Judge-Advocate ought to be relieved from the task of prosecuting, and also that his representative ought to be a lawyer of the best available ability and experience. If this last-named reform were effected, there would be, as a matter of course, an immediate and great improvement in the manner of proceeding before courts-martial as well as in their rate of progress in taking evidence. The present practice is for the officiating Judge-Advocate to write down every question put to the witnesses, both in examination in chief and cross-examination, as well as the answer to it. Of course this practice is destructive of anything like searching cross-examination of witnesses who are suspected of telling more or less than the truth, because, while the question is being written down, the witness has leisure to consider what answer he can safely give to it. In the possible case of a conspiracy among a number of men to bring a false charge against an officer, the conspirators would be very great bunglers if they could not manage, under this system, to commit perjury without detection. Supposing the witnesses to be honest, the chief objection to the practice of writing down the questions is its extreme tediousness, and the enormous waste of time which, on the principle of calculation before suggested, may justly be called golden. In the recent case of the two officers of the *Cadmus*, the circumstances inquired into extended over a period of more than three years. The principal subject of inquiry was the alleged infliction of illegal punishments on boys, and the investigation was conducted somewhat after the following fashion:—

Question by the Presiding Admiral. Did you or did you not ever see any unusual punishment inflicted, and if so, state when, and by whose order?

Answer. Nobody ever punished me, sir.

All this appeared to be taken down in writing by the officiating Judge-Advocate, who certainly must deserve the credit of being a facile and indefatigable penman. When the President had done, the other members of the Court would take their turn at questioning; and if any of them very flatly violated the usages of courts of justice, they would, after some attempts by the Judge-Advocate to get them to put their questions in a less objectionable form, abandon the matter to him, saying, "Put it in your own way, then, Mr. Judge-Advocate." The questions put by the Court, when tolerable in point of form, referred to any circumstance whatever which had attracted the particular attention of the member putting them, without much regard to time or place, so that the witnesses were rather apt to become confused and self-contradictory, and the work of cross-examination was rendered difficult and unsatisfactory in result. Each question on behalf of the accused was put through the mouth of the prosecuting Judge-Advocate, who would in his turn cross-examine and then give another chance to the Court, while a ready pen went on ever adding to that mass of writing which it will be the duty of whoever attempts to consider the justice of the finding of the Court to read. In this way, eleven long days were occupied in taking the evidence of about thirty witnesses for the prosecution. It would be well if, among the many calculations in connexion with the navy which are called for by the House of Commons, a return could be procured of the direct and indirect expense of this court-martial upon two officers of the *Cadmus*.

A FREE CHURCH AND NO FAVOUR.

WHAT is to become of the dead wood in Smithfield? Intelligent foreigners, who see in everything a type of national habits, were fully persuaded last year that it was the great Protestant place of open-air worship, the use of which they were

only impeded from witnessing by the more than average inclemency of the weather. They watched — of course, in vain — for the form of dissolution of wedlock once attached to the venerated site. That ecclesiastical rite had been secularized by a shop-keeping generation, and annexed to the jurisdiction of Sir C. Cresswell, into whose Court, as into Smithfield of yore, the wife is introduced with the noose matrimonial symbolically dangling loose around her neck, and ready for dissolution. Now, the persuasion of our foreign friends that Smithfield was an *al-fresco* temple of the national faith, and their consequent expectation, were doubtless due to the resemblance of the dead wood to pews in a purely Protestant fabric. If an iron railway shed were only cast over the whole, the illusion would be complete, and would combine pastoral analogies too many and too obvious to admit of doubt. Nor would those analogies gain anything but an increase of force by being studied from the Church side. Take the shell off many a venerable parochial fabric, and leave only what has closest contact with the persons of the worshippers, and what remains but a nearly perfect Smithfield? In proportion as the standard of churchwardenism has been realized, distinctively Church features have been obliterated. The east end is intercepted by the triple structure which perches the reader on the shoulders of the clerk, and the preacher on the shoulders of the reader — the font is pushed into a corner — and all around us, before us, and beside us, are the pews. Such is the aspect, if we peep curiously on the solitude of the week-day interior; and on the one day of worship, if a stroke of some Circcean wand were to transform quadrupedly the congregation as they muster, they would still find every accommodation which their altered circumstances could require.

The history of this state of things is a curious one, and nearly coincides with that of the rise of our middle class to dominant influence. The reading-desk itself was, it seems, originally but a pew or "pue." The charges of Elizabethan bishops direct its erection in certain cases for the people's convenience in hearing the service; and the direction became general in the Canons of 1603. Still, in that early period, it was, where it existed, almost without exception, the only pew in the church. One private pew, indeed, is said to bear the date of 1534, to have become famous as having furnished matter for an early judicial decision, animadverting on the "proud wives" of the parish who would not "rise betimes to come to church." The whole anecdote, preserved in Whittaker's *History of Whalley*, bears testimony, indeed, to mere usurpation, unchecked, connived at, and eventually fostered, as having been the source of the pew-holder's supposed right. Notices of early pews are dotted about in the fragmentary parish-church history of the early years of the seventeenth century. The clergy and churchwardens seem to have set the example. For instance, the parish-books of a Yorkshire town are said to record the entry of "one grete pue bylded, wherein the parson, curat, clerk, and singing men are to sot in time of Divine Service, and the next pue was bought by *Humfrey Hale, clerk, for his wif and children.*" In another similar entry we have the existence of baize to line the boards betrayed in the statement of its natural consequences:—"Item paid to goodwife Wells, for salt to destroy the fleas in the churchwarden's pew, 6d." The next new feature is the key to the pew. Now keys suggest locks, and locks, we take it, imply doors; then follow with easy sweep the enormities of "seates or pews, made high and easie," for parishioners to sit or sleep in — noted, however, as "a fashion of no long continuance, and worthy of reformation," in 1631. By an easy analogy — based probably on the billing and coining, and settling of plumage, as well as comfortable roosts to be found in them — pews, we find, were about this time sometimes called "dove-cotes." One or two of the stancher prelates endeavoured to "flutter" these "dove-cotes," but without the decided impression made by the Roman hero on those of Coriolani. The "doves" were not so easily driven out of the temple. The sporadic cases of the abuse in the reign of James broke out into a plague of pews in the surfeit of Puritanism under his successor. The Restoration, however, only added to the dominance of the bane. The Glorious and Protestant Revolution rendered it permanent; until, save in its cathedrals, and not, perhaps, escaping entirely in all of them, the Church of England became perfect pew-dom.

Pews are, however, only the aggravated degree and most offensive form of what is, under all forms and in every degree, an offence against Christian brotherhood. It is easy, perhaps, to show that, as the sermon became the centre of inspiration to the church-goer, the pew was deemed essential to the church interior. The ascetic Fakir, we are told, in his state of devout hibernation, needs merely a cupboard to be put away in while the mould gathers upon him; the revellers around the Golden Calf must have needed little more than room to skip; the old-fashioned man of prayer needs little else than space to kneel; and so the sermon-bibber requires a snug place where he can sit "under" the object of his more immediate devotion, or yield — if he yield to any — to the drowsy god. But the first downward step was taken when squire, or parson, or franklin, was allowed to call a square yard of the sacred floor his own:—

Diceret haec mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni.

The usurping lord of the surface proceeded to entrench himself in his newly-gotten domain, and his pew was his castle. Then, of course, came a door with brass plate and lock and key; and, with the increase of civilization, stove, with poker, shovel, and tongs, an umbrella-stand, or sofa, or bell-pull, might follow in due order.

But quite in the end of the seventeenth century we have the first account of *pew-rents*. This, the latest triumph of abuse, may be

said to have riveted the whole iniquity with the sure links of moneyed interest. Pew-rents are to Protestantism what the sale of indulgences was to the Papacy. And when things are at their worst they mend. Here, then, we hope the re-awakening spirit of free-brotherhood will find the remedy; for we believe there is hardly an instance on record of the substitution of the offertory having failed wherever it has had a fair trial, whereas there are instances out of number of the resource of pew-rents having left the church to dilapidation and the incumbent to threadbare dependency. Nor is this otherwise than it should be, if the one appeals to the principle of charity and the other to that of Mammon. Of the endless bickering and rivalry which the latter system fosters among the congregation we will cite only one instance, because the humour of it sheds a balm amidst the ill-odour of its uncharitableness. A squire's consent was asked to erect a seat behind his own into the dignity of a pew; but it was found that the new pew, being backed by the church wall, would afford no rest literally for the soles of the feet of the tenant but by their projecting under the squire's seat, who, on making the discovery, indignantly resisted such a gross infringement of his rights, "as his grandfather had always placed his hat under the seat of that very pew." It is proprietorship, however qualified, in which all such treacherous evils begin, and by keeping out the rights of the individual we can alone conserve the rights of all. It is two centuries ago — quite in the infancy of this gigantic abuse of later days — that George Herbert sang, "All equal are within the Church's gate." His words express, indeed, the whole theory of English common law on the subject. The area of the church floor, *ut pisibus aquor*, is the equal freehold of all the parish. It may be curtailed, usurped, surrendered, and let lapse into abeyance, but the right is ancient, imprescriptible, and inherent in all folk, rich and poor alike, who may unite in its use. That floor is individually God's alone, and jointly His people's, and whose encroaches on the rights of the latter trespasses against the former of the only two parties to its ownership, who there meet in presence. The squire, parson, or yeoman who sticks his mammon-ticket on it, has as much right to block up one of the windows, or to insist on morning prayer being read in his drawing-room. Remove pews merely, and the same evils will cluster in some new form round permanent appropriation. Remove permanent appropriation, and the whole evil disappears — root and branch together. Let no man in the sanctuary of the Most High rear a private tabernacle to his own selfishness, and the respect of persons, the neglect of the poor, the alienation of hearts from each other and from the Church, will cease.

Virtuous congregations, smitten with compunction, make an occasional reserve of "free-sittings" for the poor. You may see in the newspapers, constantly, a sensation paragraph in this style:—"The new Church of Cockneyhurst was consecrated on Monday last by the Lord Bishop of Cockaine; one-third of the sittings are reserved as free for the use of the poor; his lordship preached an impressive sermon from &c. &c.; the collection at the doors amounted to so and so." The good people of Cockneyhurst think they have done rather the correct thing than otherwise. That is, to take a low average, there being, suppose, 5,000 people who want to use their new fabric, and whose urgent spiritual needs have been trumpeted into our ears till our guineas have flowed, they appropriate two-thirds of the space, or 800 places in a church of suppose 1,200, to less than one-fifth of these, and leave the remaining 400 places to be scrambled for by the 4,000 who form the other four-fifths! They take the poor man's lamb, and are quite self-complacent that they have left him a fraction of the carcase. Thus the favoured 800 get their places secured, and are astonished at any one's viewing as a job the arrangement, in which each outsider is left with the odds ten to one against him. They seem unable to see, so venerable is the usurpation now become, that to parcel out the rights of the many among the few is fundamental iniquity; or that a church area can only be equitably allotted where the accommodation exactly equals the demand. If there be but one man thrust out to stand in the aisle when 1,199 are seated, his single case condemns the whole allotment — the only equitable arrangement being that, where space suffices, all should divide it equally, and where space fails, all should equally share the chances.

Often, however, the space which once sufficed becomes insufficient, and the silent multiplication of the outsiders remains untold. The seat-holders represent those who were once the sole claimants, and, now that thousands are in a position to claim, they shut them out by the tacit force of possession. Yet the arrangement may have stood for the greater part of a century, and only of late years grown into a flagrant injustice. Meanwhile, the outsiders acquiesce in their exclusion, and flock off to refresh the spirit at "Little Golgotha," or to recreate the flesh at the "Goat and Compasses," according as their inclination leads them to imbibe the odour of "Geneva" in this form or in that. Then the incumbent changes. In comes an earnest man, who tries to whistle up his stray sheep by strong sermons about the "alienated classes," the gin-shops, and the excursion trains. After trying this to his heart's discontent, he gets a circular from the "Association for Promoting Freedom of Worship," and after much pondering, and long waiting, perhaps, for a churchwarden after his mind, he makes at last a clean sweep of the whole stock and plant of pew-holders and pews, and starts fair in a new direction. Then the tide, which had nearly stranded him, turns at last. The "abomination which made" him "desolate" has been taken away, and it is wonderful what a much less amount of anathematizing he finds

sufficient now. In the end, a new Church is called for; since the rich, respectable, and influential, the moment their seats cease to be guaranteed to them, have a direct interest in bringing the supply of Church-room up to the demand for it. The earnest incumbent acknowledges the happy working of this inevitable law, and wonders how he could ever be such a fool as not to see it long ago. Last and crowning mercy, "Little Golgotha" collapses, and the "Goat and Compasses" takes out a new licence in some other neighbourhood, where the rights of the rich to box out the poor are maintained in all their venerable integrity.

Let us hope, then — to wind up our homily *ad clerum* in correct form — that the change we have been tracing will often take place, and that that equality of rights will be conceded among Christian brethren in the matter of church floors, which, at present, we find is only practically recognised in umbrellas.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

At length the details of the attack on Charleston have reached us, and they fully corroborate the reports which had previously found their way to New York through Confederate channels. Even the New York papers are forced to acknowledge the importance of the defeat sustained by the Federal navy, and are driven to seek consolation in a consideration of the magnitude of the attempt, which, although unsuccessful, is, as they term it, "a Titanic job never before undertaken on the planet." Without, however, quite going this length, we cannot fail to acknowledge the importance of the late operations at Charleston, not only as regards the influence they may have on the future conduct of the war, but also from the nature of the means employed both in the attack and defence.

A glance at the map of South Carolina will show us the position of the city. Situated on low ground between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, its buildings seem to rise directly from the water. The principal houses of the merchants face the bay, and from the promenades, now converted into batteries, the masts and funnels of the blockading squadron can be seen beyond the bar. Previously to General Beauregard's taking the command, entrenchments had been thrown up in close proximity to the city. He, however, detected the fallacy of this plan, and removed the lines to a far greater distance from its precincts. The swampy nature of the country on the land side afforded easy means of converting natural obstacles into strong works — at least, sufficiently strong to resist any attempt which might be made by the Federal troops. In addition to the garrison of the city, a large force had been concentrated between Savannah and Charleston, and the rail from Richmond would have availed to carry down further reinforcements should they have been required. But it was not from the land side that an attack was awaited with any anxiety. The untried powers of the new iron-clads threatened the city from the sea, and their boasted impregnability taxed the powers of the Confederate engineers to bring such a fire to bear on them as to render their passage into the harbour impossible. The length of Charleston bay, measuring from the city to the bar, is about ten miles, of which the harbour may be said to extend only four miles and a half, as far as Fort Sumter. Its breadth varies from one mile to five, the narrowest part being at a short distance beyond Fort Sumter, between Morris Island and Sullivan's Island. The fortifications are arranged as follows. Commencing on the south side of the harbour, near the mouth of the Ashley river, on James Island, stands the Wappoo Battery; still further along the shore, on a projecting point of land, is Fort Johnson; and off Fort Johnson, in an oblique line with Castle Pinckney, Fort Ripley has been lately erected on one of the sandbanks or small islands in the harbour. On the further side of the inlet which separates James Island from Morris Island (islands created only by small creeks and bayous, and, in fact, part of the mainland) stands the formidable battery on Cumming's Point called Battery Bee. Beyond this, and commanding the southern channels across the bar, are Fort Wagener, a newly-constructed sand-work, and the Lighthouse Creek Battery, which terminates the line of works on the southern side of the harbour. Crossing over from Morris Island to Sullivan's, and proceeding along the northern shore in the direction of the city, Breach Inlet Battery, commanding Maffit's Channel, is the first that would be passed by a vessel entering Charleston harbour. Further on, nearly opposite Cumming's Point, stands Fort Beauregard; a short distance beyond, Fort Moultrie; and opposite Fort Moultrie, in the centre of the channel, in nearly an oblique line between Fort Moultrie and Fort Johnson, Fort Sumter commands the entrance into the harbour. Still further on is the line of works called by the Federals the Redan Battery; and on an island at the mouth of the Cooper river, Castle Pinckney overlooks the nearer approaches to the city.

The Federals seem to have been aware of the existence of these fortifications and batteries, but they appear to have been strangely ignorant of the means taken by the defenders to obstruct the entrance into the harbour, and so to delay the progress of the iron-clads, in order more effectually to bring them under the fire of the guns. These obstructions played an important part in the defence. They consisted, first, of a hawser buoyed up on casks, which stretched between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie, and on which were hung nets and other contrivances for the purpose of entangling the screws of the vessels; also of piles driven into the channel between Fort Johnson and

Fort Sumter. These formed the first line of obstructions. Beyond them could be seen by the crews of the attacking gun-boats other rows of piles, blocking up the channel between Fort Johnson and Fort Ripley, whilst further on lay the Confederate iron-clads, ready to act against any vessel which might force a passage through such obstructions. These works constituted the defences of Charleston. To the Federal navy was the task of attacking them entrusted, and although praise must be awarded to Admiral Dupont and the captains under his command, for the gallantry with which they engaged in the enterprise, yet a more complete failure, as regards the results, cannot be found in history. The naval expedition had been for some time assembling at Port Royal, at no great distance from Savannah. North Edisto Inlet was the second place of rendezvous, and on the 6th the attacking fleet steamed from there to Charleston bar. The time had been chosen on account of the spring tides, which increased the depth of water over the bar from eighteen to nineteen feet. Calm weather had also been awaited, the unseaworthiness of the Monitors having been fully proved and acknowledged. The attacking fleet consisted of nine iron-clads of various construction, for the most part similar to that of the original *Monitor*, and five gun-boats not iron-clad, forming the squadron of reserve, and ordered to remain outside the bar during the attack. The *Keokuk* was the first vessel sent forward over the bar to buoy out the channel. This duty was performed with some difficulty, partly owing to the impossibility on board the iron-clads of dropping the lead, and from the great difficulty of seeing through the narrow slips in the pilot-houses. Orders were issued to the fleet from the *Ironsides*, to which Admiral Dupont had transferred his flag, to cross the bar on the following morning, viz., the 7th of April, the vessels being placed at intervals of one cable's length. The squadron was ordered to pass up the main ship channel without returning the fire of the batteries on Morris Island, unless signal should be given to commence action. The ships were ordered to open fire on Fort Sumter when within easy range, taking up a position to the northward and westward of that fortification, engaging its north-west face at the distance of from one thousand to eight hundred yards, firing low, and aiming at the centre embrasure. The *Weehawken*, with the raft for the purpose of raising torpedoes or other obstructions, was ordered to lead the way, followed by the other eight ironclads, the *Keokuk* bringing up the rear, and the squadron of reserve remaining outside the bar. At 12:30, the fleet got under weigh about four miles from the point where it was to open fire. Almost immediately, however, the *Weehawken* stopped, entailing delay on the whole fleet; this was caused by the derangement of the raft attached to the bows of the *Weehawken*, and an hour was required to remedy the defect. It was, therefore, 1:30 p.m. before the fleet was again in motion. The course was up Ship Channel, and past the batteries on Morris Island, including Wagener Battery and Battery Bee. Silently the batteries allowed the fleet to pass, and it was not until the *Weehawken* rounded Cumming's Point, and came within range of Fort Sumter and the batteries on Sullivan's Island, that fire was opened by the defenders. The guns of Fort Sumter commenced the engagement. The *Weehawken* received the fire; but instead of pursuing her course sheered off to the right, placing herself between Forts Sumter and Moultrie. This false movement was owing to her screw having become entangled with the hawser stretched across the entrance of the harbour. The other vessels sheered off in the same direction; and the confusion was increased by the Admiral's ship, the *Ironsides*, having been caught by the tideway, and, refusing to obey her rudder, having fallen foul of the two Monitors which were following her, viz. the *Catskill* and the *Nantucket*, and so been rendered unmanageable. Whilst this was occurring, the batteries of Cumming's Point, of Fort Beauregard, the Redan, Moultrie, and Sumter, poured in their fire, and for half an hour rained every sort of projectile on the devoted ironclad. The *Keokuk* suffered most, having approached within a short distance of Fort Sumter, and was only withdrawn in a sinking condition, from the effects of ninety shots which struck her. She sank during the night. After enduring the fire for half an hour, the fleet received the signal to retire, having inflicted but slight damage on the batteries. The ironclads were, in fact, riddled with shot — the plating having proved quite ineffectual to resist the projectiles hurled against them. In some instances, the screws which fastened the iron-plating together were driven in, and inflicted wounds on the crew; in others, the machinery which moved the turrets of the Monitors received injuries which prevented them from being properly worked. In fact, the vessels were so knocked about that no renewal of the attack was considered feasible. The Federal account confesses that the fleet "only reached the entrance of the harbour. It never got within it; and had the ironclads succeeded in passing the obstructions, they would still have found three miles of batteries to run." With regard to the projectiles fired from the forts, it would appear that rifled ordnance inflicted the principal injuries, and that the pattern of the guns in use by the Confederates were 11-inch Blakeley and Whitworths. The former might either have been imported from England, or have been manufactured in the foundries at Richmond, from which many excellent guns are turned out.

During the attack, no diversion was made by the land forces under General Hunter. He contented himself with being, as he expresses it, a mere spectator. Possibly nothing could be done, as the Confederates in all probability possessed both the advantage of numbers and *morale* over their opponents. So ends the attack on Charleston; and whatever may be the politics or

sympathies of Europeans in the present war, few can be sorry that the most beautiful city of the Southern States should have been spared the fate recently inflicted by the Federal troops on the unhappy town of Jacksonville. The defeat and proved inferiority of their ironclads must greatly injure the *morale* of the Federal navy, and will go far to remove the fear with which their gun-boats have been for a long time regarded by the Confederates. There are signs from the West of weariness of the war, and it remains to be seen what effect this new defeat will produce.

RIVER DELTAS.

ON the evening of the 1st of April the rooms of the Geological Society presented an unwonted aspect. A crowded audience came to listen to a disquisition from a gentleman who was not a F.G.S., and whose only claim to their attention was his reputation as an original thinker. Mr. Fergusson is not unknown in the world, and gentlemen who write F.G.S. after their names probably share the general acquaintance of the public with his works. For he has been in more than one controversy. He has boldly attacked more than one system, and has fallen foul of more than one prejudice. But he has not only been a critic, sometimes successful and always formidable, of the works of others—he has also, more than once, reconstructed where he has striven to destroy. A vigorous assailant of the old systems of fortification, he was the ingenious constructor of a new system to which the defenders of Sebastopol are said to have been in some degree indebted. His work on architecture has been long in the hands of every one who has desired to attain a comprehensive view of that department of art; and if but the other day he pricked with a somewhat sharp pen the soaring balloon of Mr. Charles Newton's Mausoleum, he presented the world with a beautiful restoration of that seventh wonder, in place of the caricature of it that adorned Mr. Newton's costly volume.

Disclaiming all knowledge of geology, and asking only to contribute one theorem to the mechanical principles which must underlie that comprehensive science, he came before the Geological Society to offer the results of his observations on the valley of the Ganges. While a resident in India, Mr. Fergusson was not content with studying and depicting its architecture. Wherever he might be, his eyes were open to observe, and in what he observed he sought the laws that governed the phenomena he pondered on. Happily, part of his time was spent in Bengal, in the midst of scenes where the powers of nature are in action on a scale hardly surpassed in any other district of the world; and it is fortunate that operations so vast, while they seem to have escaped the observation of many intelligent Englishmen, found in Mr. Fergusson at once an accurate observer and an acute interpreter. His memoir embraced no less a subject than the discussion of the laws which regulate the formation of River Deltas; and if he has not exhausted that subject, he has certainly contributed to give it a permanent place among the more exact and established results which Science may claim as her own.

All rivers oscillate. As they are drawn down their valleys by the force of gravity, anything which tends to make their direction deviate from the straightest or shortest path—anything, in short, which arrests their progress, or indirectly diverts its direction—sets them oscillating. The pendulum vibrates in a condition of stable equilibrium. Borne down by gravity, it mounts again by the impetus it had acquired, and, unchecked, would oscillate for ever between the same points. But the river is suspended, so to say, at the point at which it is arrested, in a condition of unstable equilibrium, and must, as it were, topple over, to one side or the other of that point, and so quit the direct course it may have previously pursued. When once its course has been impelled to right or left, it acquires a direction more or less across a valley, from which its natural tendency is to return, pulled down by the gravitating force in front. But the impetus it has acquired will bear it past the medial line to a point on the other side at which gravity once more overcomes its transverse movement; and the same operation will be repeated until, by a long series of sinuous bends, it reaches the point where it becomes merged in the ocean. The influx of tributary rivers, meeting it at angles more or less inclined to the direction of the valley, according as the sides of the valley are more or less steep, contributes to the volume of the river, and affords in each case a starting point for a new oscillation. The greatness of the sweep of each bend in such a river is proportionate to the volume of water which flows down it, but is also inversely proportionate to the rapidity of descent of the valley, and the velocity of the water. Now it is in the delta of a river that we have at once the water in its largest volume, and with its least velocity; and it is in a delta, therefore, that we must expect to find the sinuosities the most numerous, and their sweeps the most extensive.

The next point on which Mr. Fergusson dwelt was the tendency of all such rivers to raise their banks in traversing their deltas. He traced the laws by which, after the mud at a river's mouth has accumulated to the point at which it becomes dry at low water, a series, first, of tidal marshes, and afterwards of inland swamps, is produced; and by which again these become elevated into dry and healthy land by the accumulation of the material that is necessary to fit them to be the residence of man, and the scene of human industry. The first operation of a new river, therefore, would be to deposit silt at the bottom of the sea; and in the earlier stages of its history—while this operation was going on, and while its own valley was comparatively free from alluvial deposit, and presented therefore

a more rapid slope to the descending water—nearly the whole of the silt would be borne onward to the sea. The process of silting up proceeds; and gradually, as the velocity of the water is checked near its mouth, more and more sediment is deposited in the valley; so that the delta begins to grow forward into the sea, and backward towards the land. But, until the valley has been so far silted up as to diminish the fall of the river course to a lower point than six inches to the mile, the tendency of the river is, at each flood, to abrade its own banks and to drive forward the material that composes them.

When, however, the fall has been diminished below six inches to the mile, and is between that and four inches, a series of processes come into action which Mr. Fergusson next went on to describe. We have now to depict to ourselves a vast swampy region, the general level of which is below that of the river when in a state of flood, above it in the season of drought. The river, as it retreats, leaves behind it shallow lakes in the bottoms; and it is to these that Mr. Fergusson attributes the curious bit of natural engineering which he next explained. When the volume of the river is swollen by the rains, and its waters are charged with sediment, the first result of its overstepping its banks is, that the lateral fringe of the moving stream comes in contact with the stagnant waters in the pools. A friction ensues that partially arrests the side waters of the river, forming eddies along and over the submerged banks. To make the river-water lag in its path is to make it deposit the silt with which it is charged—in other words, to make it add to the height of its banks. It retreats again with the return of the dry season; but it thus leaves its banks higher, and so on at each season, than before. But while this process is going on along the river-course, the general filling of the delta has been rendering the movement of the waters ever more and more sluggish, till the fall has become, near the embouchure, below $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the mile. At this point the river is unable to carry forward its sediment. Hence it is nearly all deposited in, and goes to render constantly more shallow, the bed in which the river flows. A great river reaches the sea, not by one fixed, but by many shifting streams; and the silting up of some of these throws the bulk of the water upon others, which become successively silted up in the same way, till, in fact, the front of the delta, as it abuts upon the sea, is raised to a considerable height, and the whole lay of the land becomes tilted back, as it were, towards the inner country. These successive processes, then—first, the automatic raising of the river-banks, and then the filling up of the raised river-bed, followed by the opening of new or the enlarging of old channels—are those which effect the covering of the delta with sediment to a level far above that either of the highest sea-tides, or even of river-floods. For the retarded waters, where they overflow, have, in fact, silted up the lower levels on either side of the river-course, and thus gradually raised these to the highest level of the ever-rising river-bank, until the delta has reached a condition of permanent elevation to a point at which complete drainage can ensue, and no further flooding follows the rise of the waters.

The result of the tilting back that has been described of the delta country towards the land is a remarkable one in its action on the physical geography of the inland country. The angle at which a tributary flows into a main river depends on the steepness of the slopes down which it and the main river run. Generally speaking, the steeper the slope of the main valley the sharper that angle, and whatever tends to make the main-river channel less steep tends to give the tributary an approach more at right angles to that channel. Mr. Fergusson showed how singular and anomalous was the result of the working of this law. In consequence of it, in fact, the mouths of tributary rivers retrograde up the valley of the main river. For, as the delta fills, and the country gets more and more raised, the fall both of the tributary and of the larger river gets constantly smaller; so that the conditions are introduced which compel the retrogression of the mouth of the tributary up the main valley. Mr. Fergusson showed how uniformly this had been the case with the great rivers that flow into the Ganges, such as the Coosy, the Gunduk, and the Gogra; and, on the southern side of it, the Sone. And, in particular, he pointed out that the westward movement of the Sone explains perfectly the anomaly of Patna no longer being on that river, but twenty-five miles to the east of it. In point of fact, in Greek days, the position of Palimbothra was on the Eranobas (the Greek form of the name Hyranyabhu, the golden-armed, a name of analogous signification with that of the Sone); and the difficulty of reconciling this with the present position of Patna, which would otherwise seem to represent the ancient Palimbothra, is thus removed, as there can be no doubt that the mouth of the Sone, like those of the other tributaries of the Ganges running parallel to it along the northern bank of the great river, must have been moving slowly up stream.

Mr. Fergusson then proceeded to illustrate the other principles he had laid down by the changes that have taken place in the delta of the Ganges. He believed that vast delta to have been undergoing the second part of the process he had described within the space of time embraced by human history. The earliest records seem to place the arrival of Hindoos as settlers between the Jumna and the Sutlej about 3,000 years B.C. By 1,000 years B.C. they had penetrated the Vale of the Ganges as far as Canouge (Canogyza?), and subsequently reached Benares. At the period when India became known to Greek civilization, Patna—which, if it represent the ancient Palimbothra, stood then upon the Sone—is the point furthest down the Ganges which is recorded to have been inhabited by civilized man. Between that period and the occupation of Calcutta

by Englishmen, the rest of the valley must have been gradually converted from untenable marsh into the rich alluvial plain on which the teeming population of Bengal now thrives, for the author believes that at each epoch these places marked the limit of the habitable country.

Mr. Fergusson next spoke of the contests that are constantly going on between different rivers—battles, as it were, for the occupation of parts of the delta country embraced in the area common to their valleys. Of this the struggle of the Brahmaputra for the territory occupied by the eastern arms of the Ganges affords a most curious illustration. The Ganges has nearly done its work of filling the hollows (the Jheels) along its banks. But the Brahmaputra has had, till recently, a vast amount of such work still to do. Teeming with silt and mud as it rushes down from the mountains of Assam into the plain, its main labour till a comparatively recent period has been to fill the vast expanse of hollow country known as the Silhet Jheels—stagnant hollows left in the Silhet district by a process previously described, or, possibly, depressions consequent on subterranean subsidence. But Mr. Fergusson gave cogent reasons for believing that, within a very recent historic period, an upheaval due to a volcanic movement has taken place to the west of the Silhet country, on a line of active volcanic disturbances running south to north from the Andaman Islands to Dacca, owing to which the district known as the Mudopur jungle has been elevated to the west of the Silhet country. The result of this has been that the Brahmaputra, heavily charged with mud, finds its progress towards the Silhet Jheels barred by the rising ground of the Mudopur jungle, and is now flowing to the west of that jungle, and beginning to deposit the silt, which it no longer spreads over the Silhet country, in the estuary which lies to the east of the delta of the Ganges. Being the first to fill in the rainy season, and, owing to its shorter course, arriving first at the scene of action, the Brahmaputra, flowing strong with its burden of detritus, has the advantage of the first assault in its annual struggle with its giant antagonist, the Ganges—an assault each year victorious. The result is, that, as in the body, when one blood-vessel is tied, a hundred others are swollen around it to do its work, till one or two increase permanently and carry on the circulation of the blood, so do the westerly offsets of the Ganges in each rainy season swell to great rivers, and threaten to take up the place of the great eastern artery of the sacred river. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The Brahmaputra sinks back into its channel earlier than the Ganges, the dry season of which is later in the year. Hence the great river again asserts its supremacy, and hitherto has succeeded in maintaining it. But Mr. Fergusson seemed to imply that this struggle was not altogether an uncertain one; and, with an evident desire to judge impartially between the combatants, he appeared to incline to the view that the reiterated attacks of the fierce Brahmaputra were beginning permanently to tell on its more solemnly moving antagonist, and would end perhaps in a permanent victory, one result of which would be the shifting the position of Calcutta to the left instead of the right bank of the Hoogly of the future. The result of this contest between these two mighty rivers may be estimated by the circumstance that within this century, in one part only of the delta, the country has been raised from ten to twenty feet over an area of some fifteen or twenty miles, and that a village is now flourishing high and dry in a spot where Mr. Fergusson himself once built a bungalow, which was suddenly submerged by an inroad of the river, and which at present lies forty-five feet below the surface of the solid land on which the aforesaid village is thriving. Nothing can be more startling to persons not familiar with the topography and the statistics of Bengal, than to find changes so prodigious going on even at this day over a country which Englishmen have been accustomed to consider as one of the longest-settled in the world—a land ancient as the hills. Truly, if the Hindoo had preserved traditions from the days of his forefathers regarding the vast boon conferred on his race by this beneficent river, he might well call it the sacred Ganges, and raise his eyes with grateful reverence to the eternal snows in which it is cradled, and to the Meru mountain from which it bursts into his world.

Other topics of hardly less interest, and evincing the same careful personal investigation and able generalization, were introduced by Mr. Fergusson into his lecture; but the points of leading interest were, in the main, those which we have here sketched. We have only to add that the very warm and cordial terms in which the President of the Society, Professor Ramsay, expressed his appreciation of Mr. Fergusson's contribution to his science were heartily acquiesced in by the Society, who have rarely listened to a more able and original bit of physical geology, and certainly have not done so since Professor Ramsay's own paper on the Glacier-erosion of lake-districts.

THE FRENCH AND FLEMISH GALLERY.

MR. GAMBART has opened his little gallery—which, by the way, stands in extreme need of better ventilation—with a Tenth Annual Exhibition of pictures of the modern French and Flemish Schools. This foreign collection is always interesting and instructive. This year it will probably receive a warmer welcome than ever, considering the agreeable recollections of the pictures of the various modern Continental schools which the late International Exhibition left behind it. Some disappointment, however, will naturally be felt by any visitors to this gallery who may have hoped to find pictures like that of "La Source," by Ingres.

or the still more popular "Christian Martyr," by Delaroche. The works here collected by Mr. Gambart are for the most part small in size and unpretending in character. But they are, we believe, average representatives of the contemporary art of our French and Flemish neighbours, and as such they deserve a careful examination.

Taking a few of the more distinguished artists out of the strict alphabetical order of the catalogue, we turn first to M. Meissonnier's single specimen, "The Etcher" (97). This tiny picture, priced at no less than 500 guineas, is (as might be predicted) a marvellous example of minute expression and elaboration. It really requires one of the vast magnifying lenses, which are so conveniently provided in the room, for the proper investigation of its details. The subject shows an engraver, clothed in a fiery-red dressing-gown, etching his plate under the reflected light from an open window above him. The process is represented with the utmost fidelity; one could almost fancy that the sound made by the etcher could be heard; a slight vapour rises as the acid bites the metal. The light reflected on the various bottles which stand ready for the artist's hand is painted with the precision and finish of an old Dutch genre picture. This little gem is in all respects worthy of the fame of its author. Next in order we would place the large and important work contributed by Baron Henry Leys, the Flemish painter, whose quaint but vigorous mediæval pictures have justly excited so much attention. This picture, which is said to be one of a series painted for the municipality of Antwerp, represents the entrance into that city of the Archduke Charles in 1514. The youthful Prince is making his oath before the Burgomaster to observe the laws and to respect the privileges of his future subjects. As a study of picturesque costume and detail, this work rivals the artist's much admired paintings which were exhibited at South Kensington; but the subject here selected rather lacks interest, and affords no scope for the display of sentiment. On a platform raised upon steps, a portly magistrate offers the open book to the young prince, who seems somewhat indifferent to the ceremony. A crowd of figures, excellently imagined, fills the background. The burgomaster is supported by a party of ecclesiastics, carrying sacred paraphernalia—an excellent opportunity for M. Leys' admirable power in drawing mediæval *bric-a-brac*; and at the bottom of the steps, facing the spectator, and turning their backs to the company, sit two swarthy men-at-arms, violently foreshortened, holding banners of arms, but not costumed as heralds. These two figures are powerfully but very coarsely drawn. They seem quite unfinished in comparison with the minute detail of the rest of the picture, and they give a rather painful effect of rude realism in the midst of the highly artificial conventionalities of the background. It is impossible not to lament the brickdust colour which is used for the flesh-tints in this striking picture. Like other works of the artist, this painting will probably look better in a photograph than in the original. It is always difficult to believe that a photograph from one of Mr. Leys' pictures is not copied from a genuine mediæval illumination.

In singular contrast to this archaizing work are the homely naturalistic scenes of real life by Edouard Frere. There are four of these charming little pictures in the gallery, all equally good and equally typical of his style. Perhaps the "Widowed Mother" (35), as being the most pathetic, will be the most generally admired. It is a mere cottage interior with the poor woman rocking a cradled infant with one hand, while with the other she holds a second child on her knee. "Breakfast time at the Farm" (34) is simply a life-like group from nature of a French peasant family at their morning meal. The costumes and the furniture of the room give a pleasant novel character to the scene which seems to elevate it above the vulgarity of a farm interior among ourselves. There is much more humour in the "Arrival at School" (36). Here the new scholar is showing his home treasures to a comrade "between hours," while two bloused school-boys hard by are fighting on the well-worn school-desks. Finally, in "Children overtaken by a Storm" (37), M. Frere somewhat varies perhaps his general manner. It is merely a group of rustic children taking shelter under some trees in the side of a lane. Mad. Henrietta Browne, we may here say, is not an exhibitor this year; nor, unfortunately, is Madlle. Rosa Bonheur. But two other members of the family of the latter lady have sent excellent little pictures. Madlle. Juliette Bonheur contributes a very pretty scene of a meadow in spring time, with sheep, numbered (7); and M. Auguste Bonheur's name is attached to a "Meadow Scene in Auvergne" (6), very carefully painted—a pretty landscape, full of local truth, with good clouds and sky, and the sheep very marvels of clean and abundant fleeces. We cannot but think the picture, "Valuers and Appraisers" (16), by M. Decamps, rather unworthy of his fame. The technical merits of the work, indeed, are considerable; but the subject—several monkeys, dressed as men, aping the ways of connoisseurs in examining a landscape-picture—is stale and stupid, in spite of some humour in the treatment. A single painting, "Camels at the Fountain" (42), by M. Gerome, though a good Oriental scene, is a most inadequate specimen of the artist's powers. So, too, perhaps may we say of M. Troyon's "Unloading Boats, Low-water" (123); though this is, in its way, an excellent and truthful picture, with water, sky, and figures, all vigorously painted.

Our other notices may be made in alphabetical order. M. Achenbach has achieved the difficult task of painting the Bay of Naples with an absolute negation of that colour which makes more than half the charm of that matchless landscape. "St. Catherine" (4), which is an obvious misprint for St. Cecilia,

is a specimen of the Düsseldorf school, by M. Louis Blanc, admitted here (we presume) by courtesy. It is a namby-pamby, affected composition, oval in shape, representing the saint playing on the harpsichord (as we suppose we must call it), with an angel in attendance. Is this what the Düsseldorf school of high religious art has come to already? Every visitor's eye will be caught by M. Cermak's staring "Wallachian Shepherd" (13). It is, however, nothing but a great furniture picture of costume. The "Pet Goat" (18), by M. Diaz de la Pena, is would-be Murillesque; but we cannot congratulate the artist on having succeeded in his aim. Very pretty in its way is "The Doves" (20), by M. Dubasty, a pupil of Ingres. Two girls at an open window are watching two doves cooing on the tiles below the sill. There is an obvious imitation of Edouard Frere in the pictures of M. Duverger. They are feeble, but sometimes pretty and graceful. Some Oriental scenes, by M. Theodore Frere, will be welcomed. One of these, the "Simoon in the Desert" (39), shows considerable poetical power. One of the most pretentious and least satisfactory pictures in the room is "Henry III. and his Minions the Evening before the Barricades" (43), by M. Grenier de St. Martin. This is a sham historical painting. The confused group in the king's bed-chamber tells no story, and conveys no real impression to the mind. In spite of the slaty colouring, Mlle. Guimard's "Children Sharing Grapes" (45), will be liked for its sentiment and simplicity. Infinitely absurd is M. Hamman's "Mozart's Reverie" (47). As the composer sits at his instrument there appears to him a muse, enveloped in a haze, which is not half so much like a vision as Professor Pepper's famous ghost at the Polytechnic. By Madame Jerichau there is a very agreeable picture, a "Danish Girl going to Church" (53), pretty in feeling and in costume, the face seen in profile. As an imitator of Ley's, M. Lagy shows considerable promise. His subject is "A Toy Shop in Antwerp in the fifteenth century" (64). This is painted with strict archaeological propriety, and with Pre-Raphaelite detail and finish. The shops with their lean-to flaps of shutters are an exact reproduction of a medieval street scene. Two mothers with their children, quaintly costumed, are clever enough, but have no life in them. The toys are generally like our modern ones, but a little medievalized in shape. For example, a Noah's Ark figures with Gothic dormer windows in its red high-pitched roof! M. Lambinet shows some rather tame landscapes. M. Le Poittevin, in "Too Much and Too Little" (75), attempts religious sarcasm. A fat Capuchin, returning from his quest laden with food, meets, and does not feed, two famished children in the snow. "Beethoven at the Piano" (81), by M. Merle, might be a companion to the Mozart mentioned above. In a "Bacchante" (82), by M. Muller, good flesh-colouring does not make amends for indecency. Not more than two or three portraits find their place on these walls. Of these, a speaking likeness of M. Benedict by an Italian artist, Signor Ossani, will be favourably noticed. By M. Plassan we have three characteristic domestic groups, less sensuous than usual, but not of high merit. There is scanty interest in such a picture as M. Robert Fleury's "Procession in Paris during the League" (93). It is heavy in colour, though careful in design. M. Ruiperez, a pupil of Meissonnier's, imitates his master's style, not unsuccessfully, in four little *genre* paintings. From M. Schlesinger we have three attractive, but rather meretricious pictures. The best is the "Parasol" (103)—a young lady, powdered and patched, with her pretty face contrasted against the pink-lined open sunshade. From Denmark we have the very welcome contribution of two excellent sea-pieces by M. Sorenson. His "Danish Man-of-War under Steam and Sail" (107), is most spirited and effective. We have to note, also, some good Dutch street architecture by M. Springer, and a not unpleasing picture by Alfred Stevens, representing three girls in "Conversation at the Window" (110). There is a certain power in the works of M. Tissot, a pupil of Flandrin's. But his "Faust and Marguerite" (117) is spiritless, besides missing the chief charm of the scene, for his Gretchen resembles a sober matron of quite mature age. His "Young Luther at Church" (118) is a like laboured attempt to produce effect by mere costume and detail; while his "Death Dance" (119) is a weird Teutonic kind of orgy, seen in relief against the sky on a hill side. M. Trayer's two or three domestic groups are worth looking at; and M. Van Hove's "Lacemaker" (125) is more promising than most. We like the perspective in this, and the general treatment. Finally, let us notice M. Verboeckhoven's spirited and well-painted cattle pieces, and two rather ambitious, but unsatisfactory pictures, by M. Willems, called "The Introduction" and the "Proposal." Upon the whole, the French and Flemish Exhibition seems to us one of average merit; and we hope that most of the works, though generally (we think) high-priced, will find English purchasers.

REVIEWS.

ULRICH VON HUTTEN.*

IT is but seldom that a translation is readable, but Mr. Young's translation of M. Chaufour-Kestner's Life of Ulrich Von Hutten forms an exception to the rule. It is well and vigorously written, and the fact that it is a translation does not, as is gene-

rally the case, make itself felt at every sentence, and might perhaps escape notice altogether if it were not recorded in the title-page. The book itself is one of a class which is by no means so well filled as it ought to be. It is the life of a very remarkable man, telling all that any one really cares to know about him, and compressed into a very moderate compass. In the translation, it fills something less than one hundred and fifty small pages. The contrast between this and the many-volume biographies which, in these days, are so frequently dedicated to the memory of some leader of a religious party or tenth-rate literary man, excites in the reader a sensible amount of gratitude towards the parties concerned.

Ulrich von Hutten was perhaps the best representative of what may be called the lay side of the Reformation—the aspect of it which addressed itself to politicians and men of the world. He was born on the 21st of April, 1488, at the Castle of Stecelberg, near Fulda, in Franconia. The castle belonged to his father, one of the highest in rank of the Franconian aristocracy. In these travelling days, most of us have seen the ruins of feudal castles scattered about as thickly as suburban villas over parts of Germany and Switzerland—the Grisons, for instance—and it has no doubt occurred to many of us to wonder how people ever managed to live in such inconvenient places, and what their life there was like. Hutten gives a wonderfully lifelike description of their every-day appearance, such as it was, before time had made it romantic:

Our castles are constructed, not for pleasure, but for security. All is sacrificed to the necessity of defence. They are contracted between ramparts and ditches; armouries and stables usurp the place of apartments. Everywhere the smell of powder, horses, cattle, the noise of dogs and oxen, and, upon the margin of the mighty forests which surround us, the cries of wolves. Always agitation; perpetual coming and going; our gates, open to all, often permit assassins and thieves to enter. Each day there is a new care. If we maintain our independence we risk being crushed between two powerful enemies; if we put ourselves under the protection of some prince we are forced to espouse his quarrels. We cannot sally forth without an escort. In order to hunt or to visit a neighbour we must don casque and cuirass. Always everywhere war.

Hutten, a born reformer, was given to see the dark side of things, and from his infancy appears to have hated the kind of life to which he was born. He, however, fully imbibed its spirit. Though somewhat delicate in body, and keenly alive to the miseries which he could describe so graphically, he was as fierce and pugnacious a Franconian noble as any one of his neighbours. His whole life was spent in carrying on war against some one or other, either by the sword or the pen, and in those days the boundary line between the two weapons was by no means so plainly marked as it is at present. Hutten's family wished to make a monk of him, and on his refusal to enter that profession he appears to have been thrown upon his own resources; and from his eighteenth to his twenty-sixth year he wandered over a great part of Europe—half scholar, half soldier, and altogether a vagabond—though from time to time his talents and learning brought him into the society of rich or great people who treated him with distinction. During part of the time, he served as a common soldier in Italy. His wanderings appear to have ended by a deadly feud in which his resentment brought a Duke of Wurtemberg to well-deserved punishment. The Duke seduced the wife of Hans von Hutten, a cousin of Ulrich's, and treacherously murdered the husband with his own hand. Ulrich von Hutten reconciled himself with his family, and published five orations against the Duke, who was at last expelled from his dominions by a rising of the people, assisted by an armed force commanded by Franz von Sickingen—a man whose career as a soldier much resembled the career of Hutten as a writer, and who on this occasion formed an intimate alliance with him. The result was due principally to Hutten's fierce denunciations. This was the first event which brought him into public notice.

He next distinguished himself by the part he took in a controversy excited by John Reuchlin, known, according to the fashion of that day, by the then classical name of Capnio. Reuchlin was the first reviver of the study of Hebrew; and he was accused by the Dominicans, who at that time managed the Inquisition in the ecclesiastical Electorates, with designs against Christianity. A furious controversy ensued, in which Hutten distinguished himself by denouncing the inquisitors in the most vehement language. For instance, he thus describes Hochstraten, the head of their party:—

Are God or religion spoken of? On a sudden he cries out, To the fire! to the fire! Does one write some book? To the fire with the book and the author. Do you speak truth? To the fire! Do you utter falsehood? To the fire! Do you act justly? To the fire! Do you commit imposture? To the fire! He is all over fire, he breathes fire, he lives on fire. To the fire! to the fire! Such is his first and last word.

The "triumph of Capnio," as this performance was called, was soon followed by Hutten's great work, the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum*, of which, if not the sole, Hutten was the chief author. It produced an immense effect, though the irony was so good, and the persons at whom it was levelled so stupid, that several of them took it for a serious book written in praise of the monks. In the beginning of the eighteenth century an edition of the letters was published by Mattaire, under the impression that the letters were genuine. It was dedicated to Steele, and Steele, under the same impression, reviewed the book in the *Tatler* without ever suspecting its true character. Both Swift and Defoe were misunderstood in the same way. After the publication of the letters of obscure men, Hutten went to Italy, with the intention of becoming a doctor

* *Ulrich von Hutten, Imperial Poet and Orator. The great Knightly Reformer of the 16th Century.* Translated from Chaufour-Kestner's "Etudes sur les Réformateurs du 16^e Siècle," by Archibald Young, Esq. T. & T. Clark: Edinburgh. 1863.

of law. His studies for that purpose had no other effect than that of extending his discontent to a new class of subjects. He was disgusted with the pedantic and tyrannical views of law then taught in the Italian universities, and he returned without the degree which he had gone to seek. He was, however, as a sort of compensation, knighted, and decorated with the title of Imperial Poet and Orator by the Emperor Maximilian. This was in 1517, when Hutten was twenty-nine years of age. The remaining seven years of his life were spent in producing a succession of pamphlets in which he attacked the Roman power and the clerical opponents of learning on the different points which arose from time to time in the great controversy of the century. His writings brought him into relations with Luther, and in the latter part of his career he appears to have been more especially and intimately connected with his old friend Sickingen. Two dialogues which he published, called *The Monitor* and *The Brigands*, from which M. Chauffour-Kestner gives long extracts, throw great light on his general views at this time. The leading notion of them is, that the merchants ought to carry on the commerce of the country, and that the private nobility—men like Hutten and Sickingen themselves, who, though not princes, possessed a strange wild sort of independence—ought to keep the peace, and protect the public against the tyranny of the priests and the princes, their allies. Sickingen carried out his theory in practice. He made war on the Archbishop of Trèves, against whom he had various causes of complaint, public and private, was defeated with all his adherents, and at last lost his life. Hutten betook himself to Switzerland, where, after a time, he died at the age of thirty-six.

Such is a short outline of the life of one of the most remarkable of the reformers. He was, above everything, a soldier and a politician, though his wars were for the most part waged with the pen instead of the sword. He would seem to have been much the sort of man who in all ages is marked out by nature as a malcontent and reformer. He would never have been satisfied, in any age, with any actually existing state of things. He had obviously one of those nervous, sensitive, combative dispositions which, being in themselves restless and uneasy, are the natural enemies of the age in which they live, though they might probably be altogether unfit for any other. It is not unlikely that indignation would have vexed him nearly as much if he had lived in our own times, though in a different direction. Like all good biographies, his life gives an interesting glimpse into the passions and questions of the age to which he belonged. It has been so overlaid with common-places that it is by no means easy to get clear notions about it, but it must have been a marvellous period. It united the most unbridled political liberty with unsparing intellectual despotism. A Franconian noble, like the nobility of many other parts of the world, seems to have done pretty much as he pleased, fearing no one unless his resentment was powerful enough to bring down the castle walls. Nothing is more singular in the history of every part of Europe than the complete absence of that steady equable pressure of authority which in modern times affects us all alike. Power acted by fits and starts. When it did act it was unrestrained, and might inflict any amount of hardship and cruel suffering; but in the interval it would seem as if there must have been a marvellous quantity of unbridled licence, which must have been very pleasant to men of small knowledge and great energy. On the other hand, the deadness and narrowness of the intellectual world must have been enough to goad almost to madness any one whose tastes lay in that direction. Unless a man were prepared to be a monk, and to submit himself to the fetters which that way of life involved, he had not only no opportunity of using his mind, but he was positively despised if he did so. Hutten himself was for a length of time the object of the contempt of his relations on account of his literary eminence. The furious contests which resulted from the struggles of men like Hutten and Luther to change this state of things, are the great landmarks of modern history. The French Revolution, with all its dramatic episodes, did not produce so great a change in the face of the world as the Reformation; and when we remember that, after it had produced its effects, the world, though circumstantially different from what it had been before, remained substantially the same, neither much happier nor much less happy—in some ways, neither much wiser nor much more foolish—we may form a rational estimate of the degree in which it is likely to be permanently altered by some of the reforms which attract so much attention in our own days. Society at large is like a man who, by taking thought, can add, not a cubit, but (say) an inch and a half, to his stature.

BROT'S JANE GREY.*

WE lately reviewed a French history of Lady Jane Grey, the chief merit of which was, that its author, in writing the reign of Henry VIII., had not abjured his faith in the Ten Commandments. We have since come across a French novel about the same illustrious lady, which is really one of the most astonishing productions that we ever saw. If we were to say that it is the most absurd story that we ever read, we might, considering the vast number of absurd stories that there are about, be committing ourselves to more than we could prove. Still, we do not think that such a sentiment would be very far from the truth. People will write novels, and they will write historical novels, and

perhaps it would be too much to expect that every one who writes an historical novel should either get up his history as well as Sir Edward Lytton, or tell a story of his own making as skilfully as Sir Walter Scott. But there are limits to endurance. It is too much when no sort of approach is made to doing either the one or the other. M. Brot's story is almost wholly out of his own head, and it is not redeemed by any particular merit in the telling. And the number of blunders in names, facts, and everything else, far surpasses the usual allowance which has been granted by prescription for eight hundred years past to Frenchmen writing about England. M. Brot makes queer work of English names, but he hardly makes queerer work than *Domesday Book* had done before him. "Wite-Hall" (throughout), "Greatt Hattonstreet," "Sir Edward Montagne," "Sir John Backer," "Shoredith," "Chen-side street," the Earl of "Arondel," "Kampsted," and "Kackney," Lord "Guilfort" Dudley (throughout), all have an odd look. In "la place de Lincoln," we recognise Lincoln's-Inn-Fields only by an effort, and "le Chancelier de Males," who is expected to affix the great seal of Edward VI. to a certain document, is altogether beyond us. Still, it is possible that Englishmen may mangle French names just as badly, while, as we have said, the mangling of English names has a precedent in its favour no less venerable than that of *Domesday*. But from mangling names the step is easy to mangling facts, and from mangling facts the step is at least as easy to inventing them. M. Brot does great things in both ways. He differs widely from M. Dargaud. M. Dargaud, in writing about Lady Jane Grey, thought it necessary to give us all the wives of Henry VIII. in their proper order. M. Brot brings two or three of them in by way of casual allusions, and in so doing he knocks them about with at least as little ceremony as ever their husband could have done. Here is a specimen:—

Cependant vous devez vous rappeler ce qu'un mauvais ange prédit dans un rêve à Jane Seymour, une des malheureuses femmes du roi Henri VIII. Il lui annonça qu'elle mourrait de morte violente, et vous savez la triste fin de Jane Seymour.

If so, the bad angel proved himself no less bad a prophet. But the next is more wonderful still:—

Dans le Strand et près de Sommerset-House, on voyait la Savoie, autrefois un palais, et ainsi appelé du Pierre, Comte de Savoie, et de Richemond, oncle d'Eléonore, une des femmes de Henri VIII, qui l'acheta ensuite pour son fils Edmond, duc de Lancastre.

Here we can only suppose some confusion between Henry VIII. and Henry III.; but did not M. Brot stop to think that, if Henry VIII. had had a son Edmund, Duke of Lancaster, he would certainly have succeeded to the Crown on the death of his brother Edward, and so have saved all difficulties about the succession of Mary and Jane, including the necessity of M. Brot writing a novel about them?

These are doubtless slips of mere careless ignorance, though one might have fairly expected a man to know the leading events of a time so near to that of which he is writing. But M. Brot's daring falsifications of the story itself which he professes to tell are more amazing still. For instance, it is certainly not generally known that Queen Mary, during the lifetime of her brother, was in love with Lord Guildford Dudley, and procured a secret interview with him one evening in Westminster Abbey, to tell him so. Of course Guildford is much too faithful to his engagements to Jane to have anything to say to her—not to speak of the disparity of their years, of which no less a person than King Philip was soon after so painfully conscious. But this does not seem to have occurred to M. Brot, as she is throughout "la jeune femme," "la jeune dame." Then there is a certain old woman, something of a witch withal, who once was Jane's nurse, and now lives in "Greatt-Hattonstreet," bearing the somewhat strange name of Mistress Kate Nelly. This Mistress Kate, or Mistress Nelly—we are quite uncertain whether Nelly is meant to be a surname—is mixed up in a strange way with the death of Edward, which is, of course, laid to the charge of Northumberland. He gets from her a sort of drink, imposing silence under awful threats, "à moins qu'un jour tu ne préfères un bûcher à un coin de terre dans le cimetière de Londres"—a place at whose position in the sixteenth century we cannot even guess. Then the Duke and the old woman have a regular tussle. We are left to infer, though we are not distinctly told, that the Duke carried off his bottle, and that the King drank of it; but it must be noticed that Mistress Kate Nelly is expressly distinguished from the nameless woman to whom Edward was entrusted during the last stage of his illness. Then comes the final scene. Edward is thought to be dead before he has signed the will transferring the crown to Jane—Lady Grey, as M. Brot constantly calls her. Northumberland makes everybody leave the room, and stays alone with the supposed corpse. He tries the crown on his own head, and takes the unsigned will from under the King's pillow. Edward, who was not dead, but only in a lethargy, wakes up at this moment. The rest we will tell in M. Brot's own words, which show how much may be revealed to novelists of which historians are obliged to remain ignorant:—

Et tout à coup ses grands yeux s'ouvrirent, ses mains se cramponnèrent aux colonnes de son lit; il tâcha de se rapprocher de Northumberland, puis il le frappa à la tête, et quelque chose de brillant tomba. C'était la couronne que le duc n'avait pas quittée."

"Ah!" murmura le roi.

"Silence!" interrompit Northumberland qui se dressa.

Et d'un bras fort il renversa le roi sur son lit.

"Mes gardes, mes nobles, à moi, à moi!" râla le mourant.

"Silence!" dit encore le duc.

Et en un bond, il traversa la chambre, ouvrit la porte, en retira la clé, et

* *Jane Grey.* Par Alphonse Brot. Paris: Dentu. 1863.

la referma à plusieurs tours. Puis il alla se placer devant le roi, et lui présenta le testament.

"Sire, vous avez oublié quelque chose au bas de ce papier."

Il lui apporta une plume; le roi la prit et essaya de la briser.

"Vous signerez," continua le duc; "oui, vous signerez, il le faut."

Édouard le regarda en face, mais Northumberland soutint son regard.

"Vous êtes sans puissance ici, et moi je suis tout-puissant. Hier c'était votre tour, aujourd'hui c'est le mien. L'on vous croit mort, oui mort, sire, et moi je suis fort et plein de vigueur, et je vous ordonne de mettre votre signature au bas de ce testament."

Le mourant se laissa tomber sur l'oreiller, et ferma les yeux. Mais le duc lui souleva la tête.

"Sire," dit-il, "vous signerez, ou bien je ne vous permettrai pas de mourir en paix. Entendez-vous, sire, entendez-vous!"

Il lui prit la main droite, maigre et ossue, et l'approcha du papier.

"Voulez-vous donc mourir dans le crime?" murmura Northumberland; "dites, voulez-vous que la religion catholique l'emporte?"

Le roi étendit ses doigts, traça quelques lettres sur le papier, et tout à coup on entendit au dehors comme un bruit de voix qui d'instinct en instant semblaient plus distinctes, et un bruit de pas qui paraissaient approcher. Le duc arracha le testament des mains d'Édouard, et écouta avec épouvante. Le mourant venait de se redresser aussi pour écouter, et son regard s'était un peu ranimé. Les voix et les pas s'approchèrent. Northumberland s'approcha aussi du roi par un mouvement convulsif.

"Faites votre prière," lui dit-il à voix basse.

Et, sans perdre une minute, il renversa le prince, lui enveloppa la tête dans les couvertures et s'appuya de toute la pesanteur de son corps sur ses couvertures.

"Milord, ouvrez!" cria une voix du dehors.

En même temps une espèce de rire, parti du lit, se fit entendre; Northumberland demeurait immobile.

"Ouvrez donc, milord!" cria encore la voix du dehors.

Une plainte étouffée partit encore du lit, et ce fut tout. Le duc replaça les coussins, posa la tête du roi sur l'oreiller et auprès de lui la couronne; puis, et sans paraître ému, il alla ouvrir.

"Ah! c'est vous, milord de Suffolk," dit-il froidement au vieillard qui entrat.

Et il le conduisit au près du lit d'Édouard VI.

"Regardez et voyez," continua-t-il en souriant. "Il est bien mort, n'est-ce pas?"

Northumberland next proceeds to a step which we cannot at all fathom. We should have thought that Parliament was *ipso facto* dissolved by the death of the King, and also that the Houses of Parliament were somewhat strange bodies to which to entrust a State secret. But we are not quite sure of M. Brot's meaning. He seems to draw a distinction between "le Parlement" and "la Chambre des Communes;" so it may mean that the Duke took the House of Lords only into his confidence, and then went, with their aid, to bamboozle the House of Commons. However, let M. Brot speak for himself about an event which has escaped all earlier chroniclers: —

Le lendemain de la mort d'Édouard VI, le duc assembla le parlement, et convint de tenir secrète la mort du roi; presque tous les membres qui le composaient y consentirent, à l'exception de quelques-uns. Northumberland se rendit ensuite à la chambre des communes afin de lire le testament d'Édouard. C'était sans doute un coup d'état bien hardi; mais, nous l'avons dit, le duc ne doutait point de sa fortune, et, dans ce moment, il s'agissait pour lui d'une couronne ou d'un échafaud, et il tenait une couronne dans sa main.

Le duc de Northumberland venait à peine d'achever la lecture du testament d'Édouard, quand un bruit inaccoutumé se fit entendre à la porte de la chambre des communes, et chacun prêta l'oreille.

The noise is caused by Mistress Kate Nelly at the head of a large company, who demand admission to the House. The Commons, and seemingly the Lords also, fall to debate, like the chorus in the *Agamemnon*, when they hear the shrieks of the King. Northumberland heads one party, and the Earl of Arundel another; the debates are cut short by the irruption of a multitude, who overpower the soldiers who keep the door: —

Le duc alors s'agita sur son siège.

"Gardez," s'écria-t-il, "qu'on chasse ces misérables; et vous, messieurs," continua-t-il en s'adressant aux députés, "depuis quand votre demeure n'est-elle plus inviolable?"

Ces paroles produisirent l'effet qu'il en attendait; le peuple se retira en silence, à l'exception d'une vieille femme dont la figure était ensanglantée; Northumberland la regarda en face et tressaillit; il venait de reconnaître mistress Kate Nelly.

"Malheureuse, sors d'ici," lui dit-il, "ou je te fais pendre sur une place publique de Londres!"

Mistress Nelly does not care, and, moreover, Arundel protects her. She makes a speech to "Messieurs les députés," and at last impeaches Northumberland of treason: —

"Écrivez donc," continua-t-elle, "que moi, Kate Nelly, moi qu'on nomme la sorcière de Londres, j'accuse publiquement de trahison, milord duc de Northumberland, favori du roi Édouard VI!"

Northumberland's speech also is somewhat curious as a specimen of English oratory in the sixteenth century: —

"Silence, messieurs," dit-il, "il s'agit aujourd'hui de l'État. Comme citoyen et comme accusé, je demande qu'on nous écoute. Maintenant ne voyez plus en moi le duc de Northumberland, lord d'Angleterre et amiral des vaisseaux du royaume, mais seulement un homme qu'un bohémien accuse de trahison. Voici ma couronne de duc; je la jette à terre et ne la ramasserai que lorsqu'elle pourra briller sur mon front sans qu'on ait le droit de la renverser. Voici mes décorations, je les ai gagnées sur le champ de bataille, je les ai acquises en versant mon sang; eh bien, je les arrache de ma poitrine, et je ne les replacerai dessus que lorsque chacun de vous m'aura déclaré innocent."

How Mr. Speaker behaved himself during the harangues of these somewhat irregular orators, we are not told. However, it is certain that Duke, Earl, and sorceress must have looked upon the House as having gone into Committee, for each of them speaks as often as he or she pleases. At last, Northumberland escapes, because Kate Nelly refuses to swear on a crucifix, which the Protestant Duke somewhat inconsistently offers her. After a good deal more strong language between Northumberland and Arundel, in the course of which the Earl contrives to trample on the Duke's coronet and orders, the House seems to have risen, or, at any rate, the subject then dropped.

M. Brot evidently thinks that the proclamation of a King and his coronation are the same thing. Jane is in due form taken to the Tower, we suppose to go in the usual procession from thence to Westminster for her coronation. But neither in history nor in M. Brot is Jane ever crowned; only the chapter which contains the proclamation is headed, "Le Couronnement," and the next chapter begins to tell us about "le soir qui suivit le couronnement." The next day was, indeed, a remarkable one. Young England — "les jeunes gens" — assemble on "la place de Lincolns," and Mistress Kate Nelly, who had so gallantly stormed the House of Commons, leads on the multitude in two more successful attacks. They first burst into "le Palais de Wite-Hall," and assured themselves that the King was really dead. They then storm "le Palais Northumberland," when the Duke and the witch have another personal tussle, and Northumberland is saved only by the generous interference of his enemy, Arundel.

There is a great deal more of the same sort; but our readers will most likely think they have had enough, and too much. Certainly such reading as we have given to M. Brot's novel opens to us some very curious views of human nature. The historical novel is a perfectly lawful species of composition; and an historical novel cannot be written without introducing imaginary conversations, hardly without introducing imaginary characters. But there are limits. A sensible writer will never depart from the history, but will only fill up its gaps; he will not invent to the same amount as M. Brot. An old nurse of Jane's, or an old witch, might have been introduced with perfect propriety, and a clever writer might make something out of the nameless woman to whose care Edward was given over. But Mistress Kate Nelly, who fights with the Duke of Northumberland and storms the House of Commons, is surely too much of a good thing. It is the more absurd, because all this extravagance is clearly not in the least meant for burlesque. It is all sober earnest; it is the sort of thing which M. Brot thinks likely to have happened — it is the sort of invention which he thinks is the proper thing for an historical novel. If anybody else, at any rate in England, thinks the same, we shall be a little surprised. But we have, perhaps, spent too much time over a worthless book.

THE PRINCE CONSORT AS AN AMATEUR FARMER.*

THE royal-looking quarto in scarlet and gold, just drawn up by Mr. Morton, is the first publication which gives the British public any insight into the more private life of one whose reputation is destined to increase as long as the generation that mourns his loss survives. This insight is, indeed, scanty enough; yet it is pleasant to catch a glimpse of the daily occupations of one whose public activity and intelligence were emphatically the result of that deep conviction of duty and responsibility which can only be appreciated by those who learn from daily contact not only what a person appears, but what he is. Many of the more striking points in the late Prince's intellect and character have been forcibly brought before the world by the renewed attention to his past career which has been aroused by his premature death; but the man, we are convinced, is yet but little known. There exists a widespread sense that we have lost the presence of a highly-cultivated, well-disciplined, honourable, and self-sacrificing intelligence; but the inner springs of the Prince's life can at present only be estimated from various little indications, scarcely of a nature to catch the eye of the ordinary observer. The portrait of the husband, the father, the head of a family and household, cannot be painted for the present generation.

In particular, there is one element of the Prince's mind, of which the third chapter in Mr. Morton's book forcibly reminds us, which we suspect is but little understood. This chapter, touching on the Prince's habitual interest in the welfare of those who were in any way dependent on him, gives extracts from some of those speeches which have always appeared to us to indicate a depth of practical religious feeling quite unusual. There are many public men in whom the sense of duty, as such, is a most powerful incentive to action; but there are few whose outer life manifests such striking signs of habitual personal reference to the great end for which we are born as can be discerned in many of Prince Albert's addresses. We have plenty of speakers who can talk religion, and say the correct thing on certain occasions, and in the precisely correct phrases that their audience looks for; and most disagreeably and artificially they do it. But we can call to mind no man of the present day who in public could introduce the religious aspect of apparently secular questions with so honest a reality as did the late Prince. Those who know how difficult it is to speak in this manner without cant, will judge how deep must have been the principles from which these rare words could flow. The "thoroughness" of the Prince's character was no doubt the grand secret of his success in his many difficult duties. He clearly only had one system of action — that of the wise man — "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Hence, whatever he did, he did well. But all this, together with the geniality, the simplicity, and the purity that lay hid beneath the untiring energies which were all that the public could see, will only by degrees be unveiled and understood. We shall then

* *The Prince Consort's Farms; an Agricultural Memoir.* By J. C. Morton. Longmans & Co.

The Farmer's Calendar. By Arthur Young. Entirely re-written to the present date, by J. C. Morton. Second Edition. Routledge & Co.

learn better how and why he did the work which he felt was given him to do.

Mr. Morton's book is chiefly occupied with the purely agricultural details of the farms at Osborne, Windsor, and Balmoral; but now and then the interest rises above details of draining, acreage, wages, and homesteads. Osborne suggests a mention of the gardens cultivated by the young princes and princesses. That the Princess Royal should have the produce of her old garden plots still sent to her at Berlin, is just the sort of little incident which speaks of that real home-life which the English so dearly love to hear of in their sovereign. The Prince Consort's special work as a farmer was that which is the special work of the English landowner when he takes to cultivating his own fields. Gentlemen must not hope to farm for profit. The duty of making experiments, and establishing models, in order to show others not only what to do, but what not to do, is that which may fairly be expected of the wealthy territorial magnate. To turn farmer, and to spend money patriotically, for the good of the farming interest, is the only serious aim of a gentleman's agriculture. It may be followed as an agreeable occupation, and purchase pleasure far more cheaply and healthily than many of the other pursuits whereby the rich and idle seek to kill their time. Now and then, too, it may pay; but these latter examples are the rare exceptions to the rule. And when a gentleman does make his farming pay, it will be found that he devotes to it an amount of personal care and labour which is by no means contemplated by the vast majority of those who take to farming otherwise than as their sole means of winning a livelihood. There is an old proverb, which says that "the best manure is the master's foot." And it is because amateur farming is followed as a pursuit, and not as a daily toil, that it is almost invariably a source of serious loss rather than of any money profit whatsoever.

Farming, moreover, is in itself a trade so comparatively unprofitable that its returns are singularly ill calculated for bearing any diminution. It leaves no margin by which a man can contrive to get his pleasure, and at any rate not be a loser by the pastime. To all who have inquired into the subject it is well known that the profits yielded on invested capital even by successful agriculture, are very considerably lower than is the case in ordinary trade. The result is visible in the notorious fact that what we call "fortunes" are rarely made by farmers, except in times of war and artificial prices. Every other branch of trade and manufacture supplies a better investment for a man's capital and personal labour united. About ten per cent. on his capital is all that an active and intelligent farmer can reasonably hope for as his return. From this must be deducted at the least four per cent., as the interest which would accrue from the capital if invested in such a way as to demand no labour or attention. Five per cent., indeed, is the deduction which is usually made in every case where risk is involved. But as we do not wish to overstate the case, let us allow six per cent. as the farmer's real profit on his capital as an agriculturist. It will quickly appear from a few figures that if an amateur farmer simply fails of making this six per cent., and does not also positively lose the additional four per cent., he is a marvellously lucky fellow. The chances are that he will not only lose the interest on his capital, but the whole rent of the land he cultivated into the bargain.

And the secret of his loss is this. He pays too much for almost everything that he buys. It is not that he necessarily farms ill, or is cheated on all sides, or fails to sell his produce at the market price. These sources of failure doubtless help to empty his pockets, but they are comparatively minor evils. His account book presents a balance on the wrong side, chiefly because he rarely purchases in the cheapest market. We have taken the trouble to test the accuracy of this statement by certain estimates and calculations given in Mr. Morton's *Farmer's Calendar*, a very valuable and practical book, of which a new edition has just appeared; and we find ourselves most fully borne out in our views. The first, and perhaps heaviest, loss to an amateur is in the matter of labour. We are all familiar with the hard condition of the agricultural poor, and have of late been repeatedly reminded that their wages would be starvation to the cotton operatives. And a hard condition it is, which forces them to exist, to a large extent, without animal food, and to sleep a whole family in one or two bedchambers ten or twelve feet square. But is the enlightened British public aware that, were the average wages of the field labourer raised only half-a-crown a-week, nearly one-half of the master's real profits would be utterly swept away? Yet such is the fact. And if wages were raised to such a point as to allow the labourer not only to pay a fair rent for a decent cottage, but also to give his wife and children good animal food two or three days in the week, the farmer's trade would be simply extinct. Let us, however, come to our figures:—

First, as to the capital required:—10*l.* is the lowest sum which can be invested per acre on arable land. More is often wanted for high farming, less is in reality invested by those who farm ill. We shall, however, be safe in making this 10*l.* per acre the basis of our calculations. The gross dividend realized on this sum will be about 1*l.*; *i. e.* after deducting 4 per cent. for the interest lost upon the money by withdrawing it from the funds, the farmer's real profit is about 12*s.* per acre. Mr. Morton has ascertained what is paid for labour on a very large number of farms, which he looks on as representing the actual facts of the time; and he calculates that 33*s.* per annum is the average cost of labour per acre, as paid by professional farmers. Now, if we raise the average labourer's wages from 10*s.* a week to 12*s.*, or from 12*s.* to 14*s.*—and the average now paid is less than

12*s.*—this is equal to a raising of the price of labour by one-fifth or one-sixth of its present amount. Call it only one-sixth, and we have a loss to the farmer of 5*s. 6d.* per acre, being nearly one-half of his real profits. Here, therefore, we must look for a fine open leakage in the amateur's money-bags. He almost invariably pays higher wages to his farm-servants of every kind than the professional farmer. Either he pays them a higher nominal wage, or he keeps them on when their labour is unproductive and the farmer would dismiss them, or he lowers their rent a shilling or two per week, or he grants them large perquisites. In truth, the labouring man imagines himself injured when the "gentlefolk" look to the single sixpences and shillings as the close-listed farmer habitually does. The gentleman thinks that, after all, a shilling or so a week cannot make much difference in the long run; while the tradesman knows that to pay 6*d.* instead of 5*d.* will bring him and his to ruin.

Next, as to horses. A very small additional expenditure in the weekly allowance of hay and corn, with an odd sovereign or two added to the blacksmith's and the harness-maker's yearly accounts, cuts off another one and three-quarters of the annual 6 per cent. profits. Tell your amateur that an extra 5*l.* on the whole annual maintenance of a horse destroys nearly one-third of farming gains, and he will think, in most cases, that you are dreaming. Turn we to Mr. Morton's figures. His tables assign about thirty acres of arable land as the extent of ground which a single horse can cultivate. A farm-horse kept well up to his work (which is the cheapest method) will not cost much less than 30*l.* a-year for food, shoeing, doctoring, &c., exclusive of men's labour. This makes the amount spent on each acre of land to be about 1*l.* Add an annual 5*l.* to the cost of the horse's hay, corn, and *et cetera*, and we have an addition of one-sixth, namely, 3*s. 4d.* per acre, to be placed to the wrong side of the account book. How many farming gentlemen are there, we may ask, who keep their horses for 30*l.* a-year, including all bills? For one who does so, twenty fail to do it. Be it remembered that the waste of one single truss of hay per week in the keep of a horse, is by itself equal to a loss of more than one-quarter of the farmer's real profits. And this loss to the amateur, as in the case of labour, is estimated on the supposition that he has not one horse, or one man or boy in his service, more than the number who would be employed by his farmer neighbour,—a supposition, it is needless to say, which is quite opposed to every gentleman's personal experience. He has more men and more horses than the real agriculturist, and they cost him sixpence for every fivepence that they are really worth in the market.

To add to his losses, he buys all his live stock dearer than the tenant farmer. Every gentleman is painfully aware that for every cow he gives a guinea more than he ought to give. When he buys sheep, he thinks it little matters if he pays guineas instead of pounds. An extra shilling on a little pig is a bagatelle. And as for horseflesh—he never dreams of not giving a matter of five guineas too much for a fine teamster. In short, if we assume that our amateur pays only two shillings in the pound, or ten per cent. more than the professional for his bullocks, his cows, his horses, and his sheep, we shall let him off more easily than he deserves. But what does this extra ten per cent. mean? The whole of the live stock of a farm, on the average, from horses down to sheep and pigs, cannot be supposed as remaining more than three years. In other words, about one-third of it will have to be renewed every year. The annual practical loss of capital, therefore, to our unfortunate amateur is about three and one-third per cent. We gather from Mr. Morton's figures that he considers that of the whole capital invested on a farm, about 5*l.* per acre is to be set down for live stock. A loss of three and one-third per cent. is, therefore, equal to an annual loss of three and fourpence per acre, which our gentleman must consider that he pays for the privilege of being a gentleman, and for being above the haggling and bargaining of the stable, the market, and the fair.

But "enough! enough!" he cries, as we pursue our researches, and demonstrate too clearly what he already knows too well. We have already got him to the point when all real profits have more than disappeared, and his conscience tells a worse tale still. He is not only quite ready with his humble confession that he has habitually expended the inevitable sixpence where his tenant only pays fivepence, but he painfully shrugs his shoulders when he reflects on his weekly list of labourers, and the banker's cheques which he has drawn on behalf of his numerous and sleek-looking teams. He desires only to draw a curtain tenderly over the past, and loudly echoes the statement that he who would succeed as a farmer must live like a farmer, work like a farmer, feel like a farmer, and, above all, must screw like a farmer. If a man cannot do this, his consolation must be, that he has ridden his hobby, and paid for it.

THE ART OF PUFFING.*

MR. SMITH, in the course of his professional duties as an acting manager at the Adelphi Theatre, has been led to think deeply on the subject of advertisements, and the result of his reflection is the conviction that the science of advertising is in a very crude state in England at present. At first sight, this seems an incredible proposition. When we think of the broad sheets of the *Times*, and the vast expanses of dead wall and hoarding in the occupation of the professors of panegyric—of the

* *Advertise. How? When? Where?* By Wm. Smith, Acting Manager, New Adelphi Theatre. Routledge. 1863.

way in which they have utilised almost every square inch of railway station and railway carriage in the kingdom—how they have swelled out *Bradshaw*, nearly doubled the thickness of the Magazines, and even added to the bulk of that Daniel Lambert of literature, the *London Post-Office Directory*, not to speak of the ingenious and persevering manner in which they thrust bills into our hands, throw them in our faces, slip them under our doors and into our letter-boxes—it is hard to imagine what remains to be done short of papering the dome of St. Paul's with posters, or inducing Her Majesty's Ministers to walk up and down the Strand as "sandwich men." It is rather want of system than want of energy that Mr. Smith imputes to advertisers in general. He thinks they have not studied philosophically the "How," "When," and "Where" publicity may be sought at the smallest cost, and with the greatest advantage to themselves. As an illustration of his meaning, and of the sort of mistake that is frequently made, we may mention an advertisement which he says he saw, and which sent a chill into his very marrow. It was one published in the depth of winter, stating that the most acceptable Christmas present would be one of Mr. So-and-So's Patent Filters. "I shudder even now," says the author, "when I recall the unseasonable notion. Clear, cold spring water! and at Christmas time!" If Mr. So-and-So had studied the philosophy of advertising, he would never have thought of throwing in an allusion to Christmas by way of an additional inducement to purchase his filter. If it was necessary to advertise it at all at that season of the year, he ought rather to have sunk the fact that it was winter, cozened his readers into forgetting frost and snow, and insinuated that heat, aridity, and thirst were the normal conditions of matter. The great object of an advertisement being to leave an impression on the mind, it follows, as a corollary, that the impression should not be a disagreeable one. It is true that in some professions it is almost impossible to avoid this. Let the dentist insist ever so much on his system of painless extraction, he cannot charm away the vision of a tall easy-chair, a horrible basin, and a small table covered with cold glittering tools; nor can the undertaker, by any amount of reference to the feelings of survivors, make his ostrich plumes, and black horses, and red-nosed mourners pleasant subjects for contemplation. The best plan, in a case of this sort, is to adopt a sort of muffled tone, as it were, and merely whisper in the ear of the afflicted one that, as Mrs. Gamp said of Mr. Mould, it is a blessing that there are persons to sell and let 'em out on hire. Nothing could be better than Moses' way of getting over this difficulty:—

When orders are received
From parties suddenly bereaved,
Five minutes' time is all we ask
To execute the mournful task.

There is also a good deal of stupidity often shown in the choice of the "Where" to advertise. It will be obvious to the meanest capacity that there is not much use in putting up a notice in Belgrave Square to inform people that you are prepared to supply "a devilish good dinner for 2½d," or in advertising York hams in Houndsditch, or the programme for the Opera season in the columns of the *Record*. And yet this kind of mistake, in a minor degree, is frequently made, partly owing to a want of science in the tradesman, partly to a want of honesty in his bill-sticker or bill-distributor. To remedy this, Mr. Smith suggests the employment of a certain officer, "the bill-inspector," a man of vast and varied knowledge of London walls and human nature, whose business it should be to "travel all round St. Paul's with his eye on the principal corners, squares, triangles, sides of houses, hoardings, and all available places."

But it is in the "How" to advertise that the practicality and ingenuity of the author are best shown. Indeed, this section of his work alone is well worth a shilling to any tradesman, great or small. The two main essentials to an advertisement he considers to be, first, that it should be short:—"The more substance you can get in a few words the better. No person cares to read a long rigmarole about the value of this, the great benefit of that, and the superior advantage of the other." Secondly, that it should be striking:—"Anything that strikes the eye as being odd or strange attracts attention, and gets talked about. What more can any advertiser wish for?" These are the two grand principles upon which his system is based, and which he advises all crafts and callings to keep steadily in view. For nearly every trade he can suggest a short, simple, and striking form of advertisement, and in some cases there is an originality about his contrivances that amounts to genius. Thus, after a few words of sound advice to florists, seedsmen, and fruiters, he comes to consider the kindred profession of the fruit-grower. This valuable servant of the public is in an unfortunate position. By his skill and devotion to his art the glowing nectarine and the luscious peach have reached their present state of perfection in this country; but *tulit alter honores*—with an unthinking public, it is the middleman, the fruiterer in Covent Garden, that gets the credit. Here, however, Mr. Smith, always on the side of unrecognised merit, steps in and whispers:—

When the peaches begin to be coloured, stick with gum water the initials or mark on that side of the fruit which is next the sun; that part of the rind will remain green in the exact form of the letters, and the fruit may be known wheresoever found, for the mark cannot be obliterated.

The only objection we have to make is, that his enthusiasm carries him a little too far sometimes. Considering the peculiar position in which turnpike-keepers stand with respect to their fellow-creatures, we cannot think their recommendation of any

article would have much weight. Mr. Smith is of the contrary opinion, and proposes making their pikes and tickets mediums for advertisements, altogether forgetting that a man who has been mulcted of twopence in the manner in which these enemies of mankind levy their contributions is not in a fit frame of mind to dwell upon the beauties of the Sydenham trouser or the Eureka shirt. Nor can we see the great wisdom of his advice to pawnbrokers. "Let them," he says, "on the reverse side of the duplicates, have advertisements of cheap clothing, batters, boot and shoe establishments." What if the holder of the duplicate have just pawned his boots or some article of "cheap clothing?" It would be far better if the pawnbrokers adopted the plan of their near neighbours, the bone, rag, and bottle merchants, and made the back of their duplicates a vehicle for cheerful verse and humorous woodcut. As Mr. Smith was on the subject of advertisements, it is a pity he did not do something towards clearing up the mystery that surrounds the last-named profession. Why is it that persons who have dripping, candle-ends, rags, or bones to sell are always addressed in jocular language? Judged by its poetry and its pictures, the trade seems to be a lively as well as a lucrative one. Ladies dressed in the height of the fashion are always driving wheelbarrows filled with kitchen-stuff to shops where the highest price is given for that article of commerce, and issuing forth laden with bags of gold. Gentlemen of attractive personal appearance and brilliant attire sing the praises of the proprietor in adaptations of popular negro melodies, and continually attribute their present prosperity to his liberal dealings. It is a back-street Arcadia that we catch a glimpse of. Talk of sunbeams from cucumbers—why here we find mirth, content, happiness, extracted from rags, bones, and empty bottles. Why should this be the only business in which vendor and purchaser stand to one another in such a humorous and pleasant relation? Is it that these articles have a natural tendency to produce a flow of animal spirits, or—for this would account for it equally well—that they are depressing objects, which remind one that all here below is fleeting and mutable, and compel those interested in the trade to counteract this influence, and infuse a factitious cheerfulness into their customers? We wish Mr. Smith had brought his powerful mind to bear on the subject.

If he has a preference for any particular form of advertisement, it is for what he calls "cards of an unusual and appropriate shape." Thus he advises tailors to issue cards in the shape of coats, waistcoats, and trousers; fishmongers should advertise by means of pasteboard crabs; poultrymen should publish turkeys with their name and address printed on the wings, and so forth. If this system were once established, we might in time get back to that good old plan of advertising by distinctive signs, which must have added so much to the picturesqueness of London streets two or three centuries ago. Moses, being himself a distinguished literary character, might take Doctor Cumming's Head for "an unusual and appropriate" sign, with the motto "Moses right." He need not, of course, say anything about Colenso being wrong. James Morison, "the Hygeist," could adopt the spotted horse presented to him by the grateful patient whose name appears in his window; and, as there are plenty of precedents for it, such as the Marquis of Granby's Head, the Marquis of Anglesey's Arms, &c., there is no reason why Professor Holloway should not vend his ointment and pills under the sign of "the Earl of Aldborough's Legs."

It is easy to understand Mr. Smith's partiality for the card method, for it was by this device he achieved his greatest success in the case of the play of *The Dead Heart* at the Adelphi. Here is his account of the way in which he went to work:—

The adhesive labels of *THE DEAD HEART* were a capital mode of publicity, and the many little practical jokes that were performed with them would fill more pages than I can spare. Many a label has been stuck on a coat and hat, and little did the wearer think that he was for the time an advertising medium. Omnibuses, cabs, vans, railway carriages, Windsor Castle, the Old Bailey Court, waiting-rooms far North, and refreshment-rooms at the opposite extreme; steamboats, bottles, glasses, and measures at the public-houses both in London and country got these labels mysteriously stuck upon them; and in the Broadway, in New York, they were placed on the bright green doors. I may be excused giving a copy of two letters out of the many sent in reference to them:—

"Dalston.

"SIR,—My husband went out last evening to a public dinner, and when he returned home at twenty minutes to two, perfectly sober, I found on his best dress-coat a piece of paper pasted on with the words *The Dead Heart*, and three in the inside of his hat. I am surprised at your sanctioning such proceedings. I have mentioned it to several friends who perfectly agree with me.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"M. H.

"To Mr. W. Smith.

"P.S.—It took me full an hour to wash them off."

The lady little thought what publicity she was giving to the piece by communicating with her friends on the subject.

Letter No. 2.

"SIR,—My cab last night was all over covered with some gum tickets of *The Dead Heart*. I give you notice that I shall punch the first person's head I find sticking them up on my cab, and I have told all my pals to look out and do the same. I took a fare up at your theatre.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"—"

At a dinner given in the West of England, when the joints were brought on the table, a very large dish and cover were placed before a gentleman (who was invited against a wish of the majority, in consequence of his mercenary and morose character), and he was asked by the chairman to carve that joint. The cover was removed, and lo! a plaster-of-Paris heart, covered with the labels of *The Dead Heart* was before him. The upshot can be better imagined than described.

There were, he says, ten millions of these adhesive labels made use of in this way, besides which more than six millions of hand-

bills, posters, cards, and woodcuts were sent out. The *Dead Heart* is, we believe, considered by the profession to have been what is called a "legitimate Adelphi triumph." Some people will say that in that case a legitimate triumph is obtained by unblushing puffery; but do not the French say that Wellington's victories were all won by luck, and is it not well that we should have vigour, and spirit, and ingenuity somewhere? If we cannot have invention in our plays we may as well have it in our play-bills, and if our dramatists cannot construct an attractive plot, it is some comfort to think that we have acting managers who can devise stratagems which will draw.

This last is a fine instance of what Mr. Smith's great predecessor, Mr. Puff in the *Critic*, would have called the puff persevering—a kind of advertisement which does its work by sheer importunity, jogging your elbow, meeting you at every turn, haunting you day and night, until, for peace of mind's sake, you are obliged to do what it wants. It is an earlier and a ruder form of the "puff mysterious," of which the posters of "SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE" and "LEOTARD" were good examples. For there are fashions in puffery as in everything else. Indeed, novelty is one of the most important essentials of good puffing, and we presume, therefore, that when Mr. Smith recommends cards shaped like turkeys or trowsers, he does not mean that he considers that to be the mode which is likely to prevail for all time. The public eye would soon become accustomed to these tickets; they would cease to make an impression, and would be valueless as advertisements. Several excellent styles of puff have become obsolete in this way. It is rare now to meet with a good specimen of the puff collateral, which had the happy knack of starting with an anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon, or something in that way, and winding up with a commendation of Warren's Blacking, 30 Strand. One of the latest instances we can remember, was one which said:—"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends; ay! and she might have had them still, had she continued to buy her tea of Twigs & Sloeman, Fleet Street." But we fear no grocer or tea-dealer would derive much benefit from such an announcement now-a-days. The trick has been played so often, that, for any practical purpose, it has ceased to be a trick, and therefore has ceased to be a striking advertisement.

Persons who are not themselves much influenced by advertisements are apt to fancy that their efficacy is very much over-rated; and it certainly does require an effort of faith to believe that the two millions sterling that are annually spent in advertisements are ever repaid by the additional custom arising from those advertisements, and that Professor Holloway's 40,000*l.* per annum, which he spends in advertising his ointment and pills all over the globe, ever comes back to him. But we must recollect that, as the leading authority on the question says, "the number of those who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves is very small indeed; and that, if you only state a thing often enough, most people will firmly believe it at last." Indeed, it is hard to see how the general tradesman can avoid advertising in these days. There is, of course, a class which not only need not, but, as a matter of policy, must not advertise. Fashionable Madame Mantalinis—exclusive tailors, with establishments that look more like banks than shops—all those that have a special *clientèle* of customers—must not think of it. Decorous silence is the best advertisement in their aristocratic business. But those whose trade is with the public in general, and not with a class, cannot help themselves. They must say, with the *Duke's Motto*, "I am here," or there will be but a poor chance of the public finding them. All do it, says Mr. Smith, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and, indeed, it is very hard to say where advertising begins or ends. When Mr. John Jones writes to the *Times* to say that his name was improperly printed John P. Jones in the list of gentlemen who attended the levee, what is it but an advertisement? So, perhaps, is Mrs. Jones's new bonnet, by which her devotion is so much increased that she goes twice to church the Sunday after it comes home. And possibly even Miss Jones's studies for the piano, and songs which she practises from seven till nine every morning, to the delight of the gentleman next door—perhaps even these are advertisements.

THE VAUDOIS.*

THE Vaudois, or vale-people of the Cottian Alps, boast a history of engrossing interest, and our sources of information about them are fortunately by no means scanty. During the terrible persecution of 1653-1655, under Charles Emanuel II. of Savoy, Cromwell sent Sir William Moreland, armed with letters indited by Milton, to warn the Duke against proceeding to further extremities. Moreland turned his visit to good account. He wrote, from information collected on the spot, and supplemented by his own observation, a *History of the Evangelical Churches in the Valleys of Piedmont*. But he also performed the more valuable service of bringing to England, and depositing in the University Library at Cambridge, a set of Vaudois MSS., many of them dating from the early part of the 12th century. Dr. Alix, writing nearly thirty years afterwards, gives a complete list of the Moreland MSS., and from that we learn that the volumes then brought over were twenty-one in all. Seven of these are stated to have mysteriously disappeared; and one of the

most important—transcribed, however, and translated in Moreland's own work—is among the missing. This is *La Nobla Leyczon*, a poem written in the Romane language, decidedly an early production of the 12th century, and replete with interesting information on the real position of the Mountain-Church in that age. Its groundwork is an epitome of Biblical history and doctrine, and it distinctly mentions with reprobation certain leading tenets of Catholicism. Another MS. of equally early date speaks of the Vaudois having preserved the same doctrines inviolate from the time of the Apostles downwards. For those who may wish to go at length into the history of these

Waldensian bands, whom Hate
In vain endeavoured to exterminate,

a better course could hardly be suggested than to compare Jean Leger's *Histoire Générale des Églises des Vallées du Piémont* (1669) with Carlo Botta's elaborate account of them in his *Storia d'Italia*. Leger was a fiery Vaudois *barba*, or pastor; Botta, a Roman Catholic, but a temperate and careful writer, who died only twenty or thirty years ago, and who had no mean insight into the requirements of genuine history. The late Dr. Gilly's two careful and interesting volumes* supply all that could be required by the general reader.

To the volume before us we are unable to give so high a recommendation as, looking at its warm sympathy with the Vaudois and the amount of real information which it conveys, we could have wished to give. It is principally a compilation from the four-volume *Histoire des Vaudois* of M. Alexis Muston, a French *pasteur*, and (as we understand) a near relation of M. George Muston, pastor of the Vaudois Church at Bobbio, who about thirty years ago ably conducted the task of collecting and classifying the synodal acts of his community. No less than fifteen years were devoted to the work from which *The Israel of the Alps* is condensed. Out of such an original, an English translator might have been expected to compile a nearly exhaustive book of reference, or, at any rate, a clear and readable narrative. The editor has unhappily succeeded in doing neither one thing nor the other. His narrative is a remarkably poor specimen of condensation. In one place, we are hastily driven over events which we feel must have been more satisfactorily explained by the original writer. In another, we get Gallic modes of writing, which we could well have spared, reproduced raw and undigested, as in the following extract relating to a persecution in the fourteenth century:—

The valley of the Durance, with its ramifications of Queyras, Fraysnières, and Val-Louise, was absolutely decimated. *One would have said that the plague had passed over it; but it was only the inquisitors!*

Borelli began with summoning before him all the inhabitants of these valleys. They did not appear, and he condemned them for not appearing. Thenceforward, exposed to be surprised by his satellites, they suffered the double anguish of their own perils and the anguish of their families. One was seized on the highway, another in his field, another by his fireside. For fifteen years did the work of extermination proceed, in the name of the Catholic faith, at the breath of the Vatican, that *formidable summit, resembling Olympus only in its false gods, Sinai in its thunders, and Calvary in its blood*.

That the Vaudois did not object in principle to conventional life is interesting, and we could have wished to learn what were their practical views on the subject. In a preliminary summary of their tenets, however, the author wipes off the whole question in the words—"The Vaudois had houses of retirement of their own." The book is further disfigured by that singularly thoughtless mode of ascribing events to direct providential interference which appears in some minds to be inseparable from the religious spirit. It is a pity that such minds fail to discern, not only that the most reverentially religious view of history requires in reality no such hypotheses, but that they frequently convey an implied insult against that Power to whose intended honour they are framed. If we are, on one page, to ascribe it to the immediate agency of God that a handful of Vaudois, with every advantage of position and intimate knowledge of pass and defile, repulse tenfold their own number of bewildered enemies, to what agency are we to attribute the unsparing massacres and successful oppression narrated on the following page? Unwittingly the author reduces the Almighty to the level of the Gods of the *Iliad*. If a success against odds betokens that an unseen power has dashed into the ranks like an Arès or Poseidon, a series of dismal reverses makes the same power appear as deaf as Zeus became when enjoying the retirement of Ethiopia.

Notwithstanding these faults, however, to which a somewhat defective method ought in justice to be added, *The Israel of the Alps* is a laborious and interesting volume. The importance of the lessons of the Vaudois history bears an inverse ratio to the political status of the little eyrie-built communities concerned. They furnish the most striking instance on record of the astonishing vitality of the national spirit. There is little or no reason to doubt that this handful of people have been seated in the valleys of Lucerna, Perosa, and San Martino from an exceedingly early date in the Christian era. They were certainly flourishing there in the former half of the ninth century, and at that time were countenanced by Claudio, the Bishop of Turin, and probably also by a contemporary Bishop of Lyon. But the length of their occupation of these native fastnesses, surprising as it is, is not the most extraordinary feature of their history. During the last four hundred years they have undergone repeated persecutions at the hands of the Inquisition, backed by the aid, sometimes

* *The Israel of the Alps: a History of the Waldenses from their Origin to the Present Time.* New and Enlarged Edition. London: Griffin, Bohn, & Co. 1863.

* Dr. Gilly was Dean of Durham, and published (1), *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont*, (2) *A Second Visit to the Vaudois of Piedmont*.

of France, sometimes of Savoy. In the very first persecution, that of 1476, an army of 18,000 regular troops, contributed in common by the King of France and the sovereign of Piedmont, co-operated with several thousands of volunteer brigands. Making every allowance for exaggerated accounts, there can be no question that the mortal hatred of fanaticism against nonconformity exhausted itself in deeds of violence and treachery practised against these unoffending valeymen. In the sixteenth century, during the reign of Emmanuel Philibert, a hundred golden *scudi* (200L) were exacted for not attending Vaudois worship on the first offence. The perpetual galleys were the penalty of a relapse. But the following century witnessed the culminating point of atrocity in the massacres of 1655, and of flagrant injustice in the expatriation of his nonconforming subjects by Victor Amadeus II. The cruelties of 1655 gave rise to Cromwell's interference and the mission of Sir William Moreland. Milton, who doubtless became officially acquainted with the real extent of what was going forward, was stirred to the lofty indignation of the sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints."

Their moans
The valeys redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven.

The following is Cromwell's first dignified appeal to Louis XIV. on the subject of the massacre, plainly intimating that the troops of France had been concerned in the transaction:—

Most Serene King,

The groans of those wretched men, the Protestant inhabitants of Luzerna and Angrogna and other Alpine valleys, within the dominions of the Duke of Savoy, who were lately most cruelly murdered, and the lamentable tidings of the despoliation and the banishment of the survivors of this massacre, which have reached our ears, have constrained us to write this letter to your Majesty; more particularly as it has been reported to us (with what truth has not yet been ascertained) that this carnage has been committed by some of your own troops, conjointly with those of the Duke of Savoy. It is scarcely possible to believe that such proceedings have been resorted to, for they are neither consistent with the principles of good government nor with those of your Majesty's wise ancestors, who judged that they were best consulting their own interests, and the peace not only of their kingdom, but of all Christendom, by permitting their subjects of the reformed religion to live securely and quietly under their protecting sceptre; in return for which indulgence those grateful men did often perform the most eminent services for their sovereigns, both in peace and war. The Dukes of Savoy, in like manner, were wont to treat their subjects of the Alpine valleys with the same benignity; who, on their side, also displayed the most devoted loyalty, and never spared either their lives or their fortunes in the service of their princes. We feel confident that your Majesty's influence and authority with the Duke of Savoy are such, that if you would only employ your mediation, and express your good wishes, you would obtain indemnity for these poor people, and their restoration to their country and former privileges. Such an act would not only be worthy of your Majesty, and of the wise example of your ancestors, but would reassure your own subjects, who would then feel that they need entertain no fears on their own account; and it would conciliate your Protestant confederates and allies, and bind them to your Majesty by the strongest ties of respect and affection. With regard to ourselves, whatever indulgence shall be conceded to your own subjects of the reformed religion, or obtained by your intercession for the subjects of others, will be received not only with the same, but even with greater gratitude than we could express for any personal favour that we hope to derive from your Majesty's friendship.

Given at our Court at Westminster, the 25th of May, 1655.

OLIVER, PROTECTOR.

Such were the excesses perpetrated on this occasion, that several Piedmontese officers resigned their commands rather than execute the orders with which they were entrusted. The protest of Captain Du Petit Bourg, who served in a French corps under the Marquis di Pianeza, is quoted *in extenso* in *The Israel of the Alps*:—

I was witness (says the writer) to many great violences and cruelties exercised by the banditti and soldiers of Piedmont, upon all of every age, sex, and condition, whom I myself saw massacred, dismembered, hung up, and ravished, with many horrid circumstances of barbarity. It is certain that, without any distinction of those who did or did not resist, they were treated with every kind of inhumanity; their houses were burnt and their goods were plundered, and when prisoners were brought before the Marquis, I saw him give orders to grant them no quarter at all. "Because," said he, "his highness is resolved to have none of this religion in any of his dominions." And as for what he protests in the same declaration, namely, that there was no injury done to any except during the fight, nor the least outrage committed upon any lunatic or idiot, I will assert, and do maintain, that it was not so, having seen, with mine own eyes, several men killed in cold blood, and even women, aged persons, and young children miserably murdered.

The original of this document is preserved in the University Library at Cambridge.

An entire chapter has been with reason given to a narrative of the return of the Vaudois under Henri Arnaud in 1689—an enterprise which has been truly called "one of the most daring and romantic ever undertaken by man." At the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Piedmont was the humble ally of France, and Victor Amadeus II. was desired by Louis XIV. to imitate his example with regard to the Vaudois. This summons was responded to with terrible effect. Arnaud's own account—for he wrote and inscribed to our Queen Anne a *Histoire de la Glorieuse Rentrée des Vaudois*—is, that out of 15,000 of his countrymen who then constituted the Protestant population of the valleys, only 3,000 were left to avail themselves of the liberty of exile, the only alternative to the endurance of active violence. This account has never been contradicted, so far as we are aware. The 3,000 repaired, in the first instance, to Geneva, where they met with a warm and generous reception, and where the bulk of their number remained, though many were distributed among the other Protestant communities of Switzerland, and some in Holland, and certain States of Germany. Our own Revolution of 1688, and the accession of William III., in whose military service he had formerly been, seemed to Arnaud a fit time for the commencement of his

enterprise. He was at this period, as he continued afterwards to be, a simple Vaudois *barba*. But to religious enthusiasm he united the sagacity of a first-rate military leader. By the month of August, 1689, he had concentrated in the great forest of the Pays de Vaud, besides contriving to arm and in some measure to provision, eight hundred of the exiles from Switzerland and Germany. On the thirty-first day of their march they effected an entrance into the valley of San Martino. A body of three thousand French troops had perpetually harassed them, and at one point they had managed to effect a passage between a division of French and another of Piedmontese, together numbering more than twenty thousand men. It is not wonderful that, after such successes, a measure of retaliation should have been, here and there, carried out. It must have been a time of intense emotion, and Arnaud was felt, and felt himself, to be another Joshua:—

After these successes the gallant patriots took an oath of fidelity to each other, and celebrated divine service in one of their own churches for the first time since their banishment. The enthusiasm of the moment was irrepressible; they chanted the 74th Psalm to the clash of arms; and Henri Arnaud, mounting the pulpit with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other, preached from the 129th Psalm; and once more declared, in the face of heaven, that he would never resume his pastoral office in patience and peace until he should witness the restoration of his brethren to their ancient and rightful settlements.

Though subsequently hard pressed by the united enemy, these heroic men succeeded in holding their position until a rupture between Louis and Victor Amadeus became the means of procuring an amnesty from the latter, to whose troops in favourable times the Vaudois never failed to furnish admirable recruits. Arnaud himself believed that during the whole of the operations of the "Return," including eighteen engagements, his troops had caused the death of ten thousand of their opponents, while only thirty of their own number had been killed in action. The story of this gallant achievement is excellently told in *The Israel of the Alps*, which sensibly improves as the narrative comes down to later times. The chapters tracing the Vaudois policy of Victor Emmanuel's immediate predecessors are full of interest, and are written with great judgment and moderation.

We must not omit some mention of the mission of the late General Beckwith to the Mountains of Piedmont, of which this volume supplies, we believe, the only published account. General Beckwith served at Waterloo, where he lost a leg, and retired in consequence on half-pay. He was a favourite with the Duke of Wellington, and a regular visitor at Apsley House. While waiting one day in the library, he happened to meet with Dr. Gilly's *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont*, and soon became engrossed with the subject. Having gained Dr. Gilly's acquaintance, and read widely among all the sources of information suggested by him, he made a personal inspection of the valleys in 1827, and a few years afterwards became a permanent resident at La Torre, in the valley of Lucerna. This little township continued to be his home, until his death in July 1862. Wisely regarding improvements in the physical condition of the people, and aids given to education, as the right point to start with, he was the means of setting on foot or restoring one hundred and twenty district schools. This was a good allowance in a population probably not much exceeding sixteen thousand. He further sent six theological students to Florence for a more liberal training in literature, and these on their return opened a philosophical school at La Torre. When, by the Constitution of 1848, full civil rights were at length granted, after long ages of oppression, even to "Jews and Valdesi," this gallant old man had the satisfaction of reflecting that he had done his part well towards preparing his adopted countrymen for liberty. The stimulus imparted by him to education gave rise to local exertions far and wide, and General Beckwith's achievements are thus briefly summed up by the author of this work:—

When General Beckwith arrived in the valleys of the Vaudois he found but a few churches, fewer schools, and a number of congregations sunk everywhere under poverty and hard oppression. When he was called off from his earthly career he left, as dying legacy, many hundreds of prosperous schools, numerous churches, an important training college for ministers, and temples of the Protestant faith at Turin, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Milan, and Florence. Under General Beckwith, Protestantism descended from the summit of the Alpine hills, where it was lying dormant and almost forgotten, into the heart of the fair Italian peninsula, to become, with the grace of Almighty God, the light of future generations of men.

AT ODDS.*

THE Baroness Tauphoeus has two excellent qualifications for novel-writing. She has a field entirely unworked and all her own, and she has great skill in weaving the sort of plot which depends on the humours of people who like each other, but cannot get on together. All her tales have a family likeness. They are all about Germany and the Germans, and in all, or almost all, the difficulty which causes the requisite embarrassment proceeds from a young lady whose charming caprices or commendable scruples spin out the trials of the hero. *At Odds* gives a picture of Bavaria in the days of Napoleon, and it relates the likes and dislikes, the separation and reconciliation, of a young couple who are, throughout the greater part of the story, "at odds," but who are happily at one in the last chapter. The authoress tells us that at the commencement of her residence in Bavaria, few things surprised her more than the vivid recollection of the war at the beginning of this century possessed by all old, and many scarcely elderly, people. Her

* *At Odds. A Novel.* By the Baroness Tauphoeus. London: Bentley. 1862.

mother-in-law was inexhaustible in stories of the Teutonic Order of the French when quartered in her neighbourhood, and of the raising of floors and removal of ceilings for the purpose of hiding family treasures. And a lady whom the Baroness calls a German Scherezade, and who passed a winter with her, was equally prolific in anecdotes of the war, and of times when "the violent political convulsions and desperate military struggles of the day exercised, not unfrequently, their influence on families and even on individuals, in a manner that threw a gleam of romance on many a commonplace event, or gave rise to connexions or estrangements that would be more than improbabilities at the present day." One of these connexions and estrangements forms the subject of *At Odds*, and its history is followed through many years of war or hollow peace. In this way the fortunes of a family are linked with the story of the great and disastrous events of which Southern Germany was the theatre in the first decade of the century, and the authoress is able in two volumes to carry us from the days of Hohenlinden to the days of Hofer and the insurrection in Tyrol. This has the effect of giving an air of reality to a novel. Political events, marching slowly on, also slowly affect the happiness of private life, and the results are spread over years much more often than they culminate in one or two decisive incidents. But it cannot be denied that the novel suffers by this protraction. The heroine, in order to leave her at the end still in possession of the interest and charm of youth, has to be only twelve years old when the story begins, and people who we think are going largely to influence the catastrophe die off quietly and no one thinks more about them. It is not quite a sufficient answer to say that this is exactly what happens in real life. A novel is not meant to be a picture of real life, but of something interesting in real life, and the reader expects to have something more concentrated and exciting set before him than fragments of family history. It is impossible not to own that this discursiveness is a drawback to *At Odds*, and it is only partially compensated by our admiration of the skill with which the authoress overcomes the difficulties she has herself created.

The opening of the story takes us to the castle of Waldering, in the neighbourhood of the great lake of Chiemsee, which lies at the end of the long Bavarian plain extending south-eastward from Munich. It is inhabited by the Countess and her two daughters, for the Count has gone to Hohenlinden, and nothing but his corpse is brought back. To the anguish of widowhood is added the pain of having to make immediate arrangements for receiving a detachment of the victorious French, and thus we are at once introduced to the horrors of war. The ladies retire to an island in the middle of the lake on which the castle stands, and the French occupy the castle for a night. The next day the ladies are joined by a young gentleman who has been a prisoner of the French, but who escapes and swims to the island under the fire of the soldiers. This gentleman is the hero of the book; and the younger daughter of the Countess is going to be the heroine, only no one knows it; for she is still a little girl, and Frank is in love with her elder sister. The Countess is an Irishwoman and has been twice married—the first time to an Irish captain whom she refused, but who carried her off and forced her to marry him, the second time to the Bavarian Count Waldering. Miss Doris O'More is the issue of the first marriage, and the little Countess Hilda is the issue of the second marriage. Frank O'More is a nephew of the first husband, and so cousin to Doris, who is just old enough to have love made to her at the outset of the story, and just young enough to marry nine years afterwards, at the end of the story. Everybody is Miss Doris's lover at the beginning. First there is Frank, whose affection she returns; secondly, there is Sigmund, the heir of Waldering and the fiend of the story; and thirdly, there is Emmeran, who is a younger brother of Sigmund, a good, tame, meek creature, but ultimately the winner of the prize. Hilda, although only twelve, is engaged to Sigmund, as their fathers have judged their marriage the best way of keeping the family property together. The first scene of the tale soon closes; and Frank, who is an Austrian officer, joins his regiment. Some time elapses. Hilda grows up, and goes to Ulm, to take possession of some property left her there, and to come in for the effects on her destiny of Austerlitz and the siege of Ulm. Frank joins his aunt at Ulm; and he is so handsome and pleasant that not only Doris, but Hilda, is deeply in love with him, particularly Hilda. He, however, is all for Doris, and only amuses himself with good-natured attentions to the younger sister. But one day Frank and Hilda take a long ride, and visit an old tower. While they are there, a body of French troops surround the tower; and, although Frank gets assistance, and manages to keep the enemy out, he and Hilda are imprisoned there for a week. When she returns to her friends, society is kind enough to say that her reputation is lost, unless Frank marries her. He scorns the idea, and offers to kill any one who breathes a whisper against Hilda. But he fights duel after duel in vain, and it is agreed, both in and out of the family, that he must marry her. He, however, will not give up Doris until Doris herself has an interview with him, and implores him for her sake to save her sister. He consents, goes through the marriage service with Hilda, and walks straight from the church to his soldiering. Thus are the young couple at odds at the date of Austerlitz, and it is not until after Wagram that they come to love and live with each other.

The plot of a husband forced to marry a girl whom he has accidentally compromised, who loves him but whom he looks on as the obtrusive disturber of his own happy love with her sister,

is fresh and entertaining, and affords a good scope for the powers of the Baroness Tauphoeus. The young people go on chapter after chapter, each displeasing the other, each mortified at the other's coldness, and each getting more and more tired of their enforced loneliness. Political differences also add to their alienation. Hilda is a Bavarian Countess, and Bavaria is the friend and ally of France. Frank is an Austrian officer, and wishes to kill and conquer Hilda's countrymen. Of course they quarrel. Frank is abominably rude, and Hilda sensitive and impetuous, and they quarrel all through the siege of Ulm until Mack capitulates; and then Hilda has got so angry with Frank, that on his forbidding her to attend the review held in honour of Napoleon, and putting his hand on her horse to detain her, she gives him a smart cut with her riding-whip, and sets off in open defiance of him. He cannot stand this, and leaves Ulm without bidding her good-bye. Three years elapse, and then the Countess and her two daughters go to Innsbruck, which was then Bavarian, the Tyrol having been given to Bavaria by Napoleon. But the Tyrol was now ready to revolt, and Hofer had assured himself of the courage and determination of his countrymen. Frank is sent to Innsbruck by the Austrian Government, to see the state of things, and give any help in his power to the insurgents. He finds Hilda there, and they agree to meet in a friendly way for the sake of appearance; but Hilda is wayward, and will not respond to any of the advances to a better understanding that Frank makes. At last the rising begins. Innsbruck is in a state of uproar, and the peasants flock in and force the Bavarian garrison to leave the town. In the *melee*, Sigmund, who has been making mischief between everybody at all opportunities, is killed, and Emmeran so distinguishes himself as to convince us he is going to turn out good enough for Doris. He is wounded, and she and Hilda nurse him. The insurrection spreads, and one day Hilda drives out with another lady towards the mountains. They are, however, seized by the peasants, and placed in confinement. They are dreadfully frightened, and utterly at a loss how to communicate with their friends, when they hear that a person has followed them who says he is an Austrian officer, but who is suspected to be a spy. This turns out, of course, to be Frank, and Hilda's recognition saves him. They go back to Innsbruck together, and any one might have thought that this time they would make up, kiss, and be happy. But we have only got as far as Aspern, and Wagram is still to come. So Frank manages once more to offend Hilda, and leaves her to join the Tyrolean insurgents. They keep making vows and having whims about their concessions and refusals of concessions to each other which are rather puzzling to the reader, and we are not sorry when we hear that Frank has been dreadfully wounded at Wagram. We know then that pity will do the work of love, and the end is only delayed by Frank's reluctance to show himself to his pretty wife while his wounds make him ugly. At last he is recovered enough to be decently good-looking, and then they meet by the side of a romantic waterfall, and all their difficulties are over. They are no more "at odds," and their story is finished. It is a pretty story, prettily told, if not very exciting, and it is full of little anecdotes of the way which are not uninteresting. The historical characters are certainly introduced in a sketchy, unsatisfactory way; but then the authoress may reply that it is not her business to sketch historical characters, but to describe family life, and this she does so well that we cannot reasonably ask for more than she gives us.

A YACHTING CRUISE IN THE BALTIC.*

THE only objection to this volume is, that the Commodore never mentions the tonnage of his gallant little schooner. Everybody who cares for the details of a yachting cruise at all cares to know intimately the anatomy of the vessel in which the cruise has been performed; and the tonnage is an important consideration for the reader, in forming an accurate picture in his mind of the comfort on board, as well as of the amount of maritime risk incurred in the voyage. No doubt the register of the *Merne* is thoroughly familiar to all frequenters of the Mersey; but it is not the fortune of all the Commodore's readers to live at Liverpool. It is true that, in balancing the pros and cons of the question of taking the schooner over the bar of the Neva, we learn that she draws nine feet eight inches, and that, by shifting the ballast, she can trim to eight and a half feet; but this information is not entirely satisfactory, as we have nothing given from which to infer whether the *Merne* is deep or shallow in proportion to her other dimensions. Apart from this omission, there is a fine airy sea-water twang about Mr. Graves's writing when afloat, which makes his cruise in the Baltic very light and pleasant reading; and it is due to him also to say that his tone is that of an intelligent and observant English gentleman when he describes his life ashore.

Few of the visitors of the foreign picture galleries in last year's Exhibition can have passed, without observing it, a sea picture of exquisite truth and freshness by Sorensen, a Danish artist, called "Morning off the Skaw." A lighthouse, with the rays of the sun falling on the further waters through a break in the clouds, a breezy sea just beginning to tumble rather freely, and a small boat tossing among the nearer waves, were the chief elements of the picture; but they were represented with such a thorough mastery of the laws of watery light, colour, and motion, as to turn a simple subject into a work of great poetical imagination. Commodore

* *A Yachting Cruise in the Baltic.* By S. R. Graves, Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yachting Club. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

Graves' afternoon off the Skaw in the *Ierne* is treated in the manner of a more realist school, both in the letterpress and in the accompanying illustration. But the recollection of the locality, as seen in the Danish picture, may predispose readers to follow with interest the track of the English yacht round the north-east point of Jutland; and in this, as in other places, the Commodore tells his story very well in his own style. A yachtsman has a good right to be proud of his own boat, and to talk of her performances in yachting language, without fear lest his professional pleasure and his professional terms should be caviare to the shore-going multitude. Here is the "saucy" *Ierne*, the "playful" *Ierne*, the "bonnie" *Ierne*, or whatever else her complacent owner may delight to call her, going round the Skaw:—

"Eleven knots, Sir!" sung out the pilot, as he hauled in the hand log.

"Mind your port-helm!" shouted the Commodore, as the sheave of the boom guy-block flew into pieces with a sudden weather-roll, leaving nothing but the iron binding to hold the rope—"the boom is coming over—can you not keep her a point up?"

"Not yet, Sir," replied the pilot; "we shall go as close to the point as we dare; better risk a jibe than shave too close."

"A fib will certainly take the mast out of her," replied the Commodore.

"Better that than take the bottom out of her, Sir," suggested the pilot; "do you see what an offing that steamer gives the point? She draws little more than we do, and after the six hours' race we have had nearly side by side, will not give us a chance of cutting her out in rounding, if she can help it."

"How that boom bends; I wish we had another reef tied down! take another pull on the tack, and ease the peak a little."

"You may depend your life, Sir, on that stick. I wish you could have seen it," said the skipper, "bending like a fishing-rod when we were caught in that heavy squall off the Mull."

We were now fast nearing the long low point of land forming the north-east corner of Jutland; the octagon side of the yellow-coloured lighthouse began to show distinctly, and we calculated that in twenty minutes more, if all held on, we should be round.

"The sea is increasing," remarked the doctor, as he gathered himself up out of the lee bulwarks, where he had been unceremoniously pitched by a heavy lurch.

"There is always a nasty sea here," said our pilot, "especially after a change of wind. Yesterday's breeze has driven the water out of the Kattegat, and to-day's westerly gale meets it here and drives it back again; but we shall smoothen the water when we get round."

"Look out for a poop!" cried the Commodore, "here is a heavy one coming up." And sure enough there, close astern, was a huge wave of green unbroken water rolling up, easily bent on overtaking us. The helmsman takes a tighter grip of the tiller-ropes, we run forward and watch the monster raise its curling head, preparing to fall on us; but the saucy *Ierne*, as if aware of her danger, slips down the vale of waters, and the angry wave, baulked of its prey, bursts into foam, and with a boiling hissing noise, rushes harmlessly past.

"That must have been fifteen feet high," remarked the skipper.

"Nothing of the sort," said the doctor, who now began to be regarded as an authority on board, "only seven; it is quite a delusion to suppose waves in the Skagerack could reach such a height. In the South Atlantic Ocean seas never exceed forty feet from crest to trough, and thirty-two feet off Cape Horn; and in our little herring-ponds they never reach nine feet in height."

"We will have a tough job, pilot, to get that squaresail in; give us plenty of time before rounding," said the skipper.

"Take it off, and then come aft to gather in mainsheet," ordered the pilot. It was not such an easy task, for it bellied round the forestay, and before it could be got on deck we had left the Skaw light at least a mile behind on our starboard quarter. The squaresail was hastily put away, and the crew laid aft; the mainsheet was gathered in, and as the helm was put down, the *Ierne* quickly answered it—

"And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw."

Readers who don't even care to potter along the coast on a fine day in the painted pleasure-boats of a Channel watering-place may be glad to be told that the whole volume is not written after this fashion. If the Commodore were always on this tack, the cruise might certainly become monotonous. Nevertheless, the scene we have quoted is very well painted, and very much what a typical scene on board a yacht ought to be. The language is highly appropriate, and so is the behaviour of the boat and of the sea; and there is a fine individuality of character and sentiment in the several personages of the dialogue—commodore, pilot, skipper, and the unmaritime but scientific doctor, who is clearly familiar with Dr. Scoresby's experiments upon the altitude of waves. It is the fashion to call everything an idyll now-a-days; but the commodore's yarn of his rounding the Skaw is a true and genuine idyll of boat life. A real commodore, accustomed to walk the quarter-deck of man-of-war, would have told the facts with a more prosaic curttness, as matters of every day.

Mr. Graves recommends all yachtsmen to provide themselves with a naturalist's dredge and a jar of methylated spirits, for amusement during light winds or calms. The exercise of hauling in fifty or a hundred fathoms of line is an admirable succedaneum for a brisk walk, in proportioning the digestive power to the appetite which sea air is liable to produce; and the philosophic interest of wondering what mollusks, echinoderms, or crustaceans may be found at the end of the hundred fathoms, is vivid enough to lighten the monotony of pulling in the rope, but not so vivid as to agitate or strain a well-regulated mind, and so destroy the peptic advantages of the occupation. Anybody who has voyaged in a steamer on board of which the log was thrown once every two hours, will remember with gratitude the number of points of diversion in the otherwise unbroken course of the hours between mealtimes, which were marked out for him by the recurrence of that process. And if the running out of a quarter-minute glass, followed by a single glance at the Gordian hieroglyphics of the nearest knot upon the log-line, be worth so much to the ordinary passenger whom every minute is bringing nearer to his destination, how much more valuable should the amusement of dredging be on board a yacht, where the length of the voyage is absolutely indefinite, and where the process of

dragging for the wonders of the deep is much longer in itself, and can be repeated over and over again with a chance of variety. Yachting is not favourable to the cultivation of a severe habit of intellectual exertion, although it keeps the ordinary faculties very thoroughly awake; and the gratification of an intelligent curiosity by perpetually capturing, examining in a microscope, and bottling new specimens of submarine life, is just closely enough allied to the real pursuit of science to keep the intellect pleasantly excited without actual fatigue. If the dredger is not a naturalist himself, he is sure to know somebody who is, or to have an opportunity of presenting his methylated mollusca to some grateful county museum. On every ground, therefore, moral, scientific, and physical, we endorse Mr. Graves' advice to all yachtsmen, to keep a dredge.

At Copenhagen, Mr. Graves and his friends visited all sights that are visible to the ordinary tourist, assisted at a Danish wedding, and looked with genuine admiration, as yet untinged by particular loyalty, on a young Princess of Glucksburg, who was not then betrothed to the Prince of Wales. Voyaging on to Stockholm, they fell in with the English fleet, and under special convoy of the *St. George* and its princely midshipman, sailed to St. Petersburg. There they ate boiled salmon iced in soup and quass, saw the great ceremony of the blessing of the Neva by the metropolitan archbishop of St. Petersburg for the summer fishing, travelled by rail to Moscow, where they dined on other remarkable dishes and saw other remarkable sights, almost persuaded each other to go on to the fair at Nijni Novgorod, but in the end were contented to retreat from Moscow by the way they came, and returned home after a ten weeks' cruise. Perhaps the most singular sight which came across them in Moscow was that of an English gentleman who had just arrived from Pekin across the desert of Gobi, Siberia, and Tartary, unattended, speaking no languages but French and English, and inconvenienced with a wooden leg. As middle-aged mountaineers feel that there is an Alpine zone, of which the delights are reserved for the Alpine Club alone, so must the comfortable commodore and doctor have felt that there is a science of travelling quite incommensurable with the mere faculty of yachting and touring. No wonder if they felt there was no good in adding to their summer excursion the one more step to Nijni Novgorod, and returned with a more humble estimate of their own little exploits from the presence of the wooden-legged world-traveller to the well-cushioned cabins of the saucy *Ierne*.

Some of the details of Scandinavian manners picked up by Mr. Graves from personal observation, or on trustworthy authority, are curious. The ceremonies of the Russian Church on the occasions of baptism, marriage, death, and burial, are given at some length and with a picturesque clearness. A particular marriage custom among the Russian peasants is characteristic in itself, and calls oddly to mind the catalogue of his sweetheart's housewife qualities commented upon by Lance in the *Gentlemen of Verona*—

The mother of the bride receives the bridegroom, holding a brown loaf in her hand, saying, "My daughter can spin"; the bridegroom says, "Thank you, mother," and puts a coin in the loaf; then the mother mentions all her daughter's talents, viz., cooking, sewing, brewing, baking, &c., and for every talent she can name, the bridegroom must put a coin in the loaf, which remains with the mother.

It would seem more fair if there was a debtor and creditor account, and the bridegroom were entitled to charge the mother with a coin for every drawback or blemish which he could fairly mention, as Lance did before striking the balance in favour of matrimony. Perhaps it is better that all patent defects should be supposed to have been taken into previous consideration in determining the bargain.

Among the really interesting pieces of information retailed by Mr. Graves, is a very clear account of the constitution of the Swedish army. There are a few regiments of Guards, Artillery, and Engineers enlisted on the English system; but the main bulk of the forces is called the "Indelta Armée," formed on the principle of "Indelning," or dealing out allotments of Crown lands with a feudal condition of military service. The system was organized by Charles XI.; and by proportioning the number of troops maintainable in each district to its population and fertility, a standing army of defence has been created without the drawbacks of conscription. The whole force is called out, like our militia, for a month or two of drill in the spring of every year, and every regiment does garrison duty in turn for a year at a time. This army is also utilized in the construction of great public works, such as the Götha Canal. For such employment extra pay is of course given; but probably the country gains an easier command of skilled labour than could be obtained in any other way, while the individual may feel that he is at once earning wages and doing public service. As long, however, as we have a plentiful supply of professional convicts who must be provided for, and who are quite content to construct breakwaters and fortifications for the country at Portland, or elsewhere, upon the understood easy terms, it is needless to speculate whether such a system would be capable of adoption in England.

MYSTERIES OF THE SERAGLIO.*

THE assumption of a title with a slightly naughty sound, to pass off a book with extremely proper contents, naturally suggests itself as a convenient device to any writer who is more

* *Les Mystères du Sérial et des Harems Turcs.* Par Madame Olympe Audouard. Paris: E. Dentu.

eager to sell his work than to have it read. A local Spurgeon in the North of England sold thousands of copies of rather silly sermons by labelling them *A Night at the Casino*; and we believe that a large market for pious writings is contrived in a well-known quarter of London by the simple plan of wrapping them in sealed covers and so disposing of them to foolish young gentlemen in search of "something racy." Of course a certain amount of exasperation is engendered in the mind of the victim upon discovering that *A Night at the Casino* is only another name for discourses upon Predestination, Election, and the Day of Judgment, or that he has paid a guinea for a second-hand copy of the *Proverbial Philosophy*; but a combined desire to conceal his own folly and to see his neighbours make similar fools of themselves will probably keep him silent about the pious fraud, which consequently flourishes without interruption. Madame Olympie Audouard, in choosing a name for her book, seems to have been discerning enough to be fully sensible to this weak point in human nature, this love of the Naughty in literature, and at the same time discreet enough to abstain from gratifying it. In spite of their promising title, these *Mysteries of the Seraglio* disappear upon investigation into the shadowy region of knife-grinder's stories and Icelandic snakes. There are none, and a book-making Turk might just as reasonably call an account of domestic life in Paris, *Mysteries of the Boudoir*. Madame Audouard plainly belongs to the fraternity of book-makers, but this is much less extraordinary than the frankness with which she confesses it. One day she was talking about her travels to M. Dentu, the publisher of memorable pamphlets. A happy thought struck him—"Mais puisque vous avez habité plusieurs mois Constantinople, pourquoi n'écrivez vous rien sur ce pays?" It is rather startling to hear the prevalent theory on which records of travel are given to the world put in this bare way. Mr. Thornbury's book upon Turkey was evidently composed on the principle assumed by M. Dentu, if we substitute "quelques jours" for "plusieurs mois," but Mr. Thornbury would probably have been more reluctant than Madame Audouard to disclose it to the public. A publisher may be excused for interpreting the final cause of human existence, whether at Constantinople, Paris, or Nova Zembla, to be the writing of books; but an authoress scarcely magnifies her office in admitting that she "makes volumes," merely because accident or Providence led her for a short time to a city whither they do not lead most people. But M. Dentu's naive suggestion was rather the occasion than the cause; and money, which is the root of all evils, is, among them, at the bottom of *Les Mystères du Séroul*. Madame Audouard is unflinching in her resolve to acquaint us with the whole body of motives which actuated her in making this volume:—

Eh, mon Dieu! (she exclaims with conventional irreverence) it is very prosaic, I know, and perhaps it dispels some illusions, but the truth is that an author writes a book to sell, or at least with the hope of selling it. I confess with all humility that I am no exception to the rule; I write this work hoping to sell it.

There appears to be some notion in the mind of the authoress that this is a sort of sprightly frankness which cannot fail to captivate at least her male readers, and possibly even reconcile them to the slight deception in the matter of the title. To the reserved Briton such sprightliness savours too strongly of sheer impudence, and, in so far as he is concerned, the imprudently avowed hopes of sale will scarcely be fulfilled. The same kind of affected candour or genuine impudence frequently makes its appearance in this lady's pages. It makes her appear masculine, but not, like Mrs. Colonel Poyntz in *A Strange Story*, "masculine in a womanly way." Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's phrase is a very happy description of most cultivated Frenchwomen, but Madame Audouard is a slightly unpleasant exception, being masculine only in the sense in which a schoolboy is said to be so.

However, besides all these singularly unconcealed designs of money-making and book-making, the authoress does seem also to have had some sort of moral purpose in view. Just as Tacitus wrote *De Moribus Germanorum* rather to paint the Romans as they were not than the Germans as they were, so Madame Olympie Audouard is less anxious to represent Turks than to inveigh against Frenchmen. She principally desires to shame the devil, though she does not exactly take the course proverbially prescribed for that end. Her work presents the unparalleled spectacle of a French author believing that French civilization is susceptible of improvement. There are very few Frenchmen in whose minds the perfection of all French institutions is not a truth of intuition. This belief is innate. Madame Audouard, however, assails them boldly; and that, too, in a point where they are certainly not more vulnerable than those of other countries. She holds that women are not well treated in France, or, at all events, not so well as in the land of seraglios and harems. If this be really the case, popular prejudices must be curiously unfounded, the common theory about a Turkish wife being that, upon the slightest display of feminine refractoriness, her lord has her summarily sewed up in a sack and then tossed into the Bosphorus. Paris, on the other hand, is famed as the paradise of women and the purgatory of husbands; though in the latter respect it may not be much worse than other large cities in which wives are numerous. Madame Audouard loves Turkey, because it is the land of faithful husbands:—

"Allons donc!" exclaims an imaginary friend, "des maris fidèles, c'est impossible!"

"Vous avez raison," replies the writer, "je suis parfaitement de votre avis, mais ils le sont parce qu'ils ne peuvent faire différemment."

These unlucky husbands, who cannot be otherwise than faithful, are the men who have been married to the Sultan's daughters, and whose degraded condition might satisfy even the members of a

Boston Woman's Rights Convention. Madame Audouard is in extasies at seeing the strong sex, in one country at least, reduced to a proper level. In these cases, the room of the husband is distinct from that of the wife, and he is only allowed to enter her apartment by especial permission or invitation. He is obliged to hold himself in constant readiness to attend upon her—"il est toujours sur le qui-vive." Whether alone or with friends, as soon as the eunuch appears to summon him to his wife, he is forced to obey with the utmost promptitude. In her presence, he remains humbly standing until she is pleased to ask him to sit down. If he ever wants to go out, he can only do so with her consent, and even then he is invariably attended by a numerous suite of servants, who are charged to keep watch over him, and who, "if he did the least thing," would be delighted to prove their zeal by repeating it to their royal mistress. It must be admitted that infidelity under these circumstances appears difficult, or even impossible; but Madame Audouard must remember the story in the *Arabian Nights* of the fair mistress whom a wicked and hideous genie carried about with him in a large glass case, secured by locks of brightest steel, and who contrived, notwithstanding, to have a hundred lovers. Of course the husbands of the sultanas occupy a different kind of position from that of other Turkish males; but even in lower circles a woman is much better off, according to the authoress, in Constantinople than in Paris. The Turk thinks that his wife does enough if she bears children; and as for receiving money from her, it would strike him at the depth of degradation. In this particular we may observe a strong colouring from the Tacitean misanthropy:—

The Turks who visit France and see the fortune-hunting so common here, where a man generally marries for no other purpose than to augment his fortune or pay his debts, turning marriage into a mere speculation, are unable to conceal their astonishment and disgust at such a state of things.

In Turkey, woman is loved and sought for herself—"Elle est femme et voilà tout." That, however, she is more than this upon occasion, is proved by Madame Audouard's own assertion, that it is a common thing in the streets of Constantinople to see a woman who has discovered her husband loitering about, or in a *café*, driving him homewards amid a shower of blows from her *pantoufles*. The wretched husband, with bowed head, hurries along as fast as possible, entreating his spouse to spare him until they reach home, when she may do what she will with him. This elevating sketch of things as they should be is introduced for the purpose of striking shame into the bosom of all wife-beating Gauls, but we cannot forbear laughing when we find, at the conclusion of this description, the statement that "from his tenderest infancy the Turk has been taught that woman is being whom her weakness renders sacred." Surely the acute Turk cannot help suspecting that there must have been some mistake in the lessons of his tenderest infancy as he cowers under the sacred being's *pantoufle*. But the enthusiastic apostle of the seraglios is too headlong in her zeal to heed these trifling inconsistencies, and after gloating over the spectacle of the loitering husband overtaken by the *pantoufle* of retribution, she hastens to tell us that divorce is a delightfully easy process in this home of genuine civilization. A woman who has any ground of complaint against her husband need only address herself to the Council; immediately she obtains redress, and this without attorney, barrister, or fee. In France, on the contrary, things are managed so differently that separation from her husband, however brutal or worthless he may be, is for a poor woman impossible. It never occurs to Madame Audouard that the Turk must have learnt his lesson of his tenderest infancy about women very imperfectly, or divorce would be a thing undesired and unheard of.

A reader unaccustomed to the vagaries of feminine logic will naturally feel some surprise, after all this glorification of the honours paid by Orientals to the sacred sex, when he finds the authoress contradicting every previous syllable by a single sentence:—

The Oriental woman is fully persuaded of her inferiority to man (*bien entendu à tort*). They are brought up in this belief; everything is done to prevent their intelligence from being developed, so that it may preserve their idea of its inferiority. Commonly, moreover, she considers her husband in the light of a master, of a being far above her, rather than as her equal, her friend, her husband. In their men, in their love even, there is always somewhat of humility, of servility. While her Pacha is lying luxuriously upon the divan, she, standing at his feet, awaits his commands; she strives to guess his wishes, she serves him with his coffee and his pipe.

The plain truth is, that Madame Audouard, like every other writer who starts with a theory utterly at variance with facts, as soon as she is betrayed into the mention of facts, exposes the folly and wrongheadedness of the whole proceeding. Her book is an excellent illustration of the readiness with which the female mind accepts a shallow and external attention for a proper recognition of the rightful prerogatives of woman. Because a sultana can treat her husband like a slave or a dog, because the wife of a loitering artisan can thrash him with *pantoufles*, and because divorce is cheaply and easily procurable, therefore the Turks are a refined and virtuous people, and the Turkish women are the most enviable of their sex. Luckily, the stories which the authoress is compelled, for filling-up purposes, to introduce into her book, afford a prompt refutation of her position. For example, the condition of women can scarcely be considered perfectly civilized in a country where such an incident is possible as the following, which we quote from Madame Audouard's own book. Nitza had married a distinguished Colonel. She adored him, and for a time was adored. But constancy, as the authoress remarks, is not a "dominant virtue" among men in general, and the Turks especially are very little acquainted with this quality. They probably do not

even suspect its existence. So the Colonel, at the end of two years, became tired of Nitza, and was overtaken by a desire to augment the number of his wives. Fearing scenes, he bought a slave, made an honest woman of her, and judiciously placed her in a house at a considerable distance from the home of the fair Nitza. But, as is usual in such affairs, the Colonel's monstrous conduct was discovered. Nitza had a faithful negress who detested her master. One day, at the instigation of the negress, Nitza determined to revenge herself, and, having persuaded the Colonel to dine with her, drugged his coffee. Even then he might possibly have escaped; but, as ill-luck would have it, he talked in his sleep, and let fall the words, "My darling Hisma, I love thee." This was too much for Nitza, who, with the assistance of her faithful black, incontinently cut the Colonel's throat. She was discovered by the officers of justice, and as incontinently hanged.

On the day of the execution, two steps from the victim, conspicuous above all, people observed an Englishman, correspondent of the *Times*, who was very calmly taking a sketch of the wretched Nitza swinging in the air in the convulsions of death.

This, we presume, must have been the same bloodthirsty correspondent who was introduced into the famous Porte St. Martin melodrama of *La Prise de Pékin*. Another story illustrative of the effects of these admirable Turkish institutions upon the sacred beings may suffice to account for Madame Audouard's partiality for them. Jet-ta, like Nitza, was passionately fond of her husband, and he of his wife. No cloud dimmed their happiness until evil fortune laid Jet-ta low in the small-pox. She had been beautiful; she recovered, and was hideous. Her husband's passion grew cold, and he neglected her. She reproached him with the change; he took her to the mirror, and asked coolly, "N'est-ce pas vous qui avez changé?" From that day there was war to the knife between them. Like the Colonel, the husband of Jet-ta married a slave, and, more imprudent than the Colonel, brought her home to the house of his unhappy wife. Jet-ta in the dead of night sought them out, and cast vitriol over them. The husband lost one eye and his second wife both, while the ferocious Jet-ta poisoned herself. Stories like this are a strange commentary upon Madame Audouard's theory. Perhaps, after all, she does not intend to lay it down broadly that Frenchmen treat their wives worse than Turks, but only argues with a view to some special case. Possibly, with her, writing a book may be only a safe and forcible way of telling Monsieur Audouard that he is "a brute."

MRS. ATKINSON'S TRAVELS.*

MANY of our readers will no doubt remember Mr. Atkinson's *Travels in Siberia*, published a year or two ago, and the beautiful illustrations by which they were ornamented, and which it had been the principal object of the author's travels to collect. Mrs. Atkinson, his widow, has just published her recollections of the same journey. They are on a much smaller scale, and naturally relate to a different set of subjects. They form a small and unpretending, but highly interesting little volume, written in a very pleasant unaffected style, and describing journeys which, even in these days of adventure, are out of the common way. As she informs us in her preface, Mrs. Atkinson was in early life a governess in the family of General Mouravioff. There she made the acquaintance of Mr. Atkinson, whom she married in 1847 at Moscow. She accompanied him on his travels from 1848 to 1854, and in the present volume gives an account of her adventures.

Her travels began from Moscow, in March 1848, and extended as far as the frontiers of China. They were conducted in the most adventurous manner. For upwards of a fortnight, at the beginning of them, she seems to have travelled day and night in a sledge, for which the travellers were not always so fortunate as to find a sufficiency of ice and snow. After this she changed her mode of travelling, and rode over mountains and steppes from July till November. The concluding ride was a remarkable one. For several days the party traversed steppes, where the only thing to be had which even externally resembled food was salt; and, on lucky occasions, brackish water. Once, indeed, they got a bowl of liquid mutton fat, which they were not able to drink. The last stage was one of about a hundred miles, which was performed in the course of a night and part of two days, during which Mrs. Atkinson "tasted nothing, either solid or liquid, with the exception" of a glass of rum and some water-melon, the horses having nothing at all. This pleasing journey brought the party to a place called Kopal, at the foot of a mountain called Alatau, where, on November 4, 1848, Mrs. Atkinson gave birth to a son about two months before the proper time, whose premature birth, as the doctor profoundly observed, was "caused by excessive exercise on horseback"—not a very improbable opinion. The remainder of the period during which Mrs. Atkinson accompanied her husband appears to have been spent partly in journeys in different directions about the Tartar Steppes, and partly in returning to the comparative civilization of the towns of Siberia, where, during the intervals of their journeys, she and her husband were courteously and hospitably entertained. The scenery which they visited has been sufficiently illustrated by Mr. Atkinson's pencil. His wife's contribution to the account of the journey is composed principally of sketches of the habits of the different classes of people with whom they were brought into contact, and accounts of the incidents of their journey.

* *Recollections of Tartar Steppes and their Inhabitants.* By Mrs. Atkinson. London: Murray. 1863.

Some of the most interesting observations made by Mrs. Atkinson refer to the state of women amongst the Tartar tribes. They appear to be viewed almost exclusively in the light of property. Her husband's treatment of her was a subject of astonishment in the steppe. One chief told him that he had no occasion to bring a wife with him when he came next into that part of the world, as he (the chief) would give him as many wives as he pleased, apparently either as a permanent or as a temporary arrangement. Another chief, struck by Mrs. Atkinson's skill as a needlewoman, asked her husband what he would take for her. Mrs. Atkinson, who appears to have a very proper notion of what is due to her sex, observed on one occasion, of a chief who wanted to buy her, that he would have found her a very bad bargain, as she would have done her best to get up a mutiny amongst his womankind. The wives appear to be treated in the most wonderful manner. When a woman is about to be confined, "it is stated, she is possessed of the Devil, and they beat her with sticks to drive him away, and as the moment approaches they call on the Evil Spirit to leave her." When boys are left orphans, they are married by their guardians to women who are old enough to be their nurses, and keep them out of mischief. Mrs. Atkinson saw a wife of thirty married on this principle to a mere child, whom she used to slap when he misbehaved himself, in the manner practised in all nations.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the tyranny to which the women are thus subjected, love between the sexes is by no means unknown in Tartary. Mrs. Atkinson saw a Calmuck girl throw herself into a river, from which she was rescued with great difficulty, to avoid marrying a rich old man to whom her mother had engaged, or rather contracted, to sell her, when she was attached to another man. So, too, during their residence at Kopal, a Cossack servant-girl fell vehemently in love with the Russian governor, whose affections she tried to secure by giving him a love potion which would have assuredly poisoned him. Love, indeed, would appear to accommodate itself to the customs of the country. Every peasant hangs a whip at the head of his bed as a symbol of his conjugal authority, nor is it a symbol only—

A nursemaid of mine (says Mrs. Atkinson) left me to be married, and a short time after she went to the Natchalnick of the place to make a complaint against her husband. He inquired into the matter, when she coolly told him her husband did not love her. He asked her how she knew he did not love her. "Because," she replied, "he never whipped her." The instrument of castigation hung over the bed, and had never once been used since the marriage.

Perhaps the most interesting of the subjects on which Mrs. Atkinson touches is that of the exiles who, when she was in Siberia, were still undergoing the punishment of their conspiracy on the accession of Nicholas in 1825. She left Moscow loaded with messages to them—for opportunities of communicating with them are rare—and she fell in at different points of her journey with a considerable number of them. They are, as a rule, by no means unkindly treated, being apparently allowed to associate together pretty freely, and even to absent themselves for a certain distance from their places of confinement for various purposes, especially for sporting; but under particular circumstances they have a great deal to undergo, as they are sometimes separated from their friends and obliged to lead the lives of mere peasants, supporting themselves by daily labour. Mrs. Atkinson gives an affecting account of one old man whom she found in this situation—a Mr. Fahlenberg. He had supported himself by keeping a school, which was succeeding remarkably well, when the authorities, for some reason, forbade it, and he had to make a livelihood by cultivating a small plot of tobacco. He had lived so long in exile that his wife had been persuaded of his death and had married again. He himself, according to a practice not very uncommon with the exiles, had married a peasant woman, and had two children by her, one of whom, a girl, he made it his business to educate. The boy grew up like the other peasants of the neighbourhood.

Attempts to escape were not very uncommon amongst the exiles, and were most severely punished when they occurred, the penalty being public flogging and banishment to the mines for life. One young Pole got away whilst Mrs. Atkinson was in the country. He was supposed to have escaped into the Kirghis Steppe. Such an escape would in itself be a questionable benefit, as the Tartars would probably sell him as a slave. Mrs. Atkinson saw a Russian on the Steppe whom they had taken prisoner. They made a cut in his heel, put a horsehair in it, and allowed the cut to unite over the horsehair. The effect of this (which was the usual way of treating Russian prisoners in the Caucasus) was to disable him for life from taking long or difficult journeys, though it left him the power of walking for moderate distances. Hence he could never escape, so long as they kept horses out of his reach.

One attempt at escape described by Mrs. Atkinson is an affecting instance of a slip between the cup and the lip. A German exile disappeared, his clothes being found by the bank of a river. This was supposed to be a device intended to make the authorities believe that he had drowned himself, and accordingly a strict search was made for him, but without success. After a time, his wife (also a German) asked leave to return to her own home. This, after long formalities, was at last agreed to, and she set out on her journey under the charge of a gendarme. When they were within a mile of the German frontier, the gendarme thought he heard a voice in the carriage, and, on searching, found the husband. He had been concealed below the bed and mattress until his wife got permission to return, and had made the journey in the bottom of the carriage. In half an hour more he would have been safe.

Upon the whole, Mrs. Atkinson's impressions of Russia and the Russians seem to be very pleasant. The people amongst whom she travelled were simple almost to a childish degree, and were under the absolute dominion of the priests and the Government. Their superstition is at times something wonderful. Two travellers stopped at a post-house, where they had their supper and went to bed. In the middle of the night, one of the peasants who kept the house got up and murdered them both. He went next day to the magistracy and gave himself up, saying that his object had been to save them from the repetition of the sin which they had just committed in his presence of eating meat in Lent.

Mrs. Atkinson's book is full of interesting sketches of the different scenes which she saw, of which those given above are but specimens. Her little volume is one of the liveliest, most interesting, and unaffected which have fallen under our notice for a considerable time.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW, Consul of the United States at Paris, has just published* a thick octavo volume, in which he has collected together all the details calculated to throw any light upon the history of his country. His preface is so remarkably modest that we feel bound to claim, on behalf of his book, much more than he asks himself. It is certainly not a philosophical dissertation, like M. de Tocqueville's work, or the more recent one of M. Carlier; but it is an excellent compilation, derived from authentic sources, methodically arranged, and complete in every particular. Mr. Bigelow traces back the origin of the present war to the fundamental constitution of the Federation. The representation of the free States on the one side, and of the slave-holding States on the other, was not, he says, fairly adjusted at that time, and from the very commencement of the Union it was evident that a principle of antagonism had been allowed to creep in which would, under certain circumstances, lead to a civil war. Mr. Bigelow is not, however, disposed to take a desponding view of the present conflict, and he is sanguine enough to believe that the Southern States will eventually be reduced into submission. The work we are now noticing comprises twelve books. The first three supply a *résumé* of the history of the United States from the earliest attempts of European colonization to our own day. The remaining books are devoted to the following subjects—natural history, rivers, lakes, climate, population, mineral riches, agricultural resources, manufactures, commerce and navigation, literary resources, education, religious establishments, roads and other means of communication, and form of government. The concluding part of the volume embraces a number of statistical documents which will be found extremely useful as illustrating the facts enumerated by the author. Mr. Bigelow apologizes in his preface for not entering upon the literary history of the United States. Such a subject, he remarks, if fully discussed, would have required a separate volume and led him beyond the limits he had assigned to his work.

On the state of Italy, its wants, its destinies, and its history, few persons are qualified to speak with more authority than M. Marc Monnier. He has already, in several interesting volumes, proved himself conversant with this subject, and the book he now publishes† adds some more details to those he gives in his *Histoire du Brigandage dans l'Italie Méridionale*. Some readers will perhaps ask, first, "what is the Camorra?" "The Camorra," answers M. Monnier, may be defined as *organized extortion*; it is a kind of popular freemasonry constituted in the interest of evil." What brigands and highwaymen are in country districts, Camorristas are in Naples and other large towns; and the deeds of daring related about them by our author equal, if they do not surpass, those which have immortalized M. Victor Hugo's hero, Jean Valjean. M. Monnier says that the perils which threaten Southern Italy arise neither from the Muratists, nor from the Autonomists, nor from the Federalists, nor from the Bourbonists, but from the bands of criminals whom the spirit of the reaction calls forth and pays. The war is not political, but social. Italy is fighting not merely for her rights and her ideas, but for the very existence of society against the elements of anarchy and dissolution, which foreign publicists mistake for a national movement of the Neapolitan population. The origin of the very word *Camorra* is extremely obscure, and M. Monnier proposes several etymologies from which the reader may choose the one that seems most plausible. Respecting the fact itself, no doubt is possible. Camorristas are cut-throats; and the only difference between the Camorristas of the present day and those of bygone times is to be found in the peculiarity that the modern banditti have placed their talents at the disposal of political adventurers.

It is satisfactory to think that the provisional government of Greece is likely to be soon superseded, in consequence of the election of a King. M. A. Grenier—with what justice we do not now ask—accumulates against them ‡ reproaches of all kinds. Their stupidity and their weakness have been, according to him, deplorable. "Paper would fail us," he says, "if we attempted to enumerate all the blunders committed by that trio of septuagenarians who were promoted to power by the caprice of about thirty artillermen, and as many students." M. Grenier concludes that Greece is not yet a nation. The activity of the people is not directed into a right channel. What are called liberal professions are

crowded with competitors, and the mania which possesses every young man who has received a certain amount of education to shine as a political light has over-stocked the market with lawyers, professors, lecturers, physicians, and officers. Of course, if the limits of the kingdom of Greece were extended, there might be scope enough to turn to some use the activity of all these candidates for fame; but, in the present state of things, this is impossible. M. Grenier's book is almost exclusively confined to a discussion of the topics to which recent political events have lent immediate interest; but the author gives us also lively sketches of private life, literature, and society.

As we are discoursing about Greece, the name of Phidias comes in opportunely. It appears on the title-page of a brochure* by M. Beulé, member of the French Institute, and perpetual secretary of the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*. This book consists of two distinct parts—namely, a drama, of which the hero is the great Athenian sculptor, and a kind of biographical introduction, entitled *La Jeunesse de Phidias*. M. Beulé gives an able estimate of the genius of Phidias, whom he praises for having combined "the severe simplicity, the practical science, the masculine grandeur of the Doric school, with the ideal beauty, the life, the delicacy, the gracefulness of the Ionians." The drama itself appeared originally in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

M. Jules Janin has lately put himself forward as candidate for one of the vacant seats at the *Académie Française*, and his titles to the *fauteuil* have been duly enlarged upon by M. Charles Asselineau in the last number of the *Annales du Bibliophile*. On the strength, perhaps, of a possible election at some future day, the sprightly *feuilletoniste* is now setting his literary house in order, and collecting and republishing the reminiscences of another epoch †. There is a great deal of frankness in the declaration contained in the preface "that never did ignorance or inexperience produce a rasher series of more childish essays;" only we accept M. Janin's apology *cum grano salis*, and we may add modesty to his various merits. The *Contes Fantastiques* with which we are now dealing bear the date of 1832, and they reflect pretty well the literary fashions prevalent in France thirty years ago. The taste was then for the study of foreign literature. Walter Scott and Hoffman were the heroes of the day, and every writer who aimed at popularity must, forsight, produce a volume of fantastic tales. M. Janin's attempts in that direction are certainly superior to those of most of his contemporaries, and his preface, on *avant-propos*, contains a few aesthetic remarks which are both ingenious and very amusingly placed before the reader.

Yet the chief glory of M. Jules Janin is that which he has conquered in the *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*. Some one says of him, that he has revived the art of periodical criticism. Like his fellow-journalist, M. Silvestre de Sacy, he might pride himself on the title of *Gazetier*. M. J. F. Vaudin, however, would certainly not apply this designation to so important a personage.‡ For him, a *Gazette* is evidently a fourth-rate, insignificant paper, which lives on gossip and delights in *épouvantes*. A *Gazetier* is a sort of literary *contrabandista*, who exercises a profession he is half ashamed to own. M. Vaudin's preface, amidst a great deal of bombast, contains some useful truths; but there was no occasion to build so grand a portico for so diminutive an edifice. The anecdotes and quotations given in the *Histoire Anecdote de la Presse Parisienne* are often very amusing, and we only regret that the periodicals examined by M. Vaudin should be so thoroughly obscure as the *Paris Programme*, the *Drapeau Catholique*, and the *Journal du Jeudi*.

M. Edouard Gourdon's *Faucheurs de Nuit*§ gives us a minute historical account of gamblers, and traces them back to Cardinal Mazarin himself. Under the Revolution, the mania for playing at cards had reached a most extraordinary pitch, and, if we may believe M. Gourdon, *lansquenet* is as fashionable now as *biribi* was seventy years ago. We are introduced by our author into circles, clubs, and salons which are outwardly irreproachable, but which really are closely watched by the police. Sham *marquises*, and gentlemen of problematic origin, form the company, and the unwary visitor is entrapped through the deceitful appearance of taste and *bon ton* which characterizes both the house and its inmates. M. Gourdon, in concluding his volume, does not pretend to decide whether gambling should be established by authority or not. Some persons would like to see matters conducted at Paris as they are at Homburg or at Baden-Baden. He abstains from giving his opinion, and merely says that despite *trente-et-quarante* and *rouge-et-noir*, the Frenchmen of the present day are not a more degenerate race than those of the last century, or even of the age of Louis XIV.

Maurice de Kelorn is the hero of a kind of preliminary apologue placed by M. Turpin de Sansay, as an introduction to his book *Les Hypocrites*.|| At a dinner-party where the unsuspecting young Breton has been proposing a toast to "family, honour, virtue, truth, and all other noble sentiments," he meets with an eccentric person—a sort of modern Diogenes—who laughs at him, and undertakes to prove that the world is full of hypocrites. Hence a series of chapters in which gentlemen of the Talleyrand school are dealt with as they deserve. It might not be difficult to put a

* *Les Etats Unis d'Amérique en 1863*. Par John Bigelow, Consul des États-Unis à Paris. 3^e. Paris and London: L. Hachette.

† *La Camorra; Mystères de Naples*. Par Marc Monnier. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthès & Lowell.

‡ *La Grèce en 1863*. Par A. Grenier. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthès & Lowell.

* *Phidias, Dramé Antique*. Par M. Beulé, Membre de l'Institut. Paris and London: Hachette.

† *Contes Fantastiques*. Par Jules Janin. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffa.

‡ *Gazettes et Gazetiers*. Par J. F. Vaudin. Deuxième Année. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthès & Lowell.

§ *Les Faucheurs de Nuit*. Par Edouard Gourdon. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthès & Lowell.

|| *Les Hypocrites*. Par Turpin de Sansay. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthès & Lowell.

name upon some of the characters drawn by M. de Sansay, and amongst other notabilities of the present time, one recognises without much trouble the ex-rédacteur of the *Univers*, M. Louis Veuillot; but such personalities are always unpleasant, besides being perfectly useless, and sometimes, as in the case of M. Veuillot, quite unjust.

The *Portefeuille d'un Conte** is an amusing and well written collection of tales; but M. Révoil begins, unfortunately, with a sentence which will perhaps lead some patriotic Englishman to shut the book out of sheer disgust:—

If there ever was a nation oppressed, tyrannized, exterminated, if we may use the expression, it is certainly the Irish nation. For the space of four centuries, the history of Ireland is nothing but a long series of plunder, confiscations, murders, devastations, crimes of every kind committed by Great Britain against Ireland. It is well known by what infernal system of policy, &c. &c.

We might fancy we were reading the pastoral letters of the Bishop of Chartres, or the philippics of M. de Lamennais, when M. de Lamennais was an Ultramontanist. However, the reader may do well to overlook charitably the rabid declamation which opens M. Révoil's first tale. His book is really better than such a beginning might lead one to suppose.

The three books composing the fourth volume of Jérôme Bonaparte's Correspondence† take us from the 29th of April, 1809, to the close of the following year. This period includes, therefore, the most brilliant epoch in the history of the French Empire; and the despotic whims, the irritability, the want of consideration on the part of Napoleon become more insupportable in proportion as the success of his military exploits is everywhere confirmed. Louis, who had been placed on the throne of Holland by his brother, abdicated in July 1809, and retired from a position for which he was little fitted. Jérôme feared lest such a step should bring down upon the ex-King of Holland the displeasure of Napoleon; and he therefore offered Louis a refuge in his own States, and undertook to act as a mediator on his behalf. In answer to a letter written by the King of Westphalia, the Emperor sent a communication which is printed in the volume we are now noticing, and which, as the editor remarks, is extremely curious, because it is couched in a tone of irony quite contrary to Napoleon's usual temper when he was under the influence of some very great provocation. The volume contains a few letters of the Queen of Westphalia to her private friends, describing the incidents of her journey through the northern provinces of the Empire, in the company of the Emperor and of Maria Louisa, who had recently ascended the throne of France. Each book is, as usual, followed by the letters and other despatches referring to it.

Translations cannot be said to belong to French literature properly so called, and may be safely despatched with a simple mention, particularly when they are versions from the English. This remark applies to the book entitled *William Pitt et son Temps*‡, the first two volumes of which we examined some time ago, on account of the introduction prefixed to them by M. Guizot. The *Nouvelles Scènes de la Vie Russe*§ fall under the same category; yet we cannot help remarking, not only on the original episodes and sketches of character contained in the tales of M. Tourguenéf, but on the talent with which he analyses the workings of the human heart. He reminds us very much of Balzac, and his work would occupy a most appropriate place in the gallery of the *comédie humaine*. For the great majority of readers, the interest connected with tales of Russian life arises, of course, from the fact that they describe a country and a style of civilization about which we know very little; but there is considerably more than this in the writings of M. Tourguenéf.

M. Prat deplores, in his preface, the moral prostration which, as he considers, characterizes the nineteenth century—at least, on the other side of the Channel—and he is very anxious to see it disappear. But if we would come to a healthier state, we must, he thinks, discard at once the doctrines of Christianity, and embrace in their stead Spinozism.|| We have, of course, nothing to say here of M. Prat's theories; but his merits as a translator of Spinoza cannot be questioned. The complete works of Spinoza have never yet been placed within the reach of French students; and if the subsequent volumes of the present translation (there are to be five, or perhaps six in all) are equal to the one we have just received, the translator will have rendered a useful service to literature. This first volume contains:—1st, the life of Spinoza, by Lucas; 2nd, another biographical sketch by Colerus; 3rd, the *Principia*; and 4th, the *Cogitata Metaphysica*. M. Prat has added a few notes wherever necessary.

The transition from Spinoza to Eugénie de Guérin ¶ is one which must be justified by the contrast it suggests. Between the doctrine enforced in M. Prat's preface and the Roman Catholicism to which Mademoiselle de Guérin clings with so much ardour, there is the deepest of all chasms. A month or two ago, the life and literary remains of Maurice de Guérin were noticed at some length in our columns. The autobiography and correspondence

* *Le Portefeuille d'un Conte*. Par B. H. Révoil. Paris: Dupray and La Mahérie. London: Dulau.

† *Mémoires et Correspondance du Roi Jérôme Bonaparte et de la Reine Catherine*. Vol. IV. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthès & Lowell. 1862.

‡ *William Pitt et son Temps*. Par Lord Stanhope. Traduit de l'Anglais précédé d'une Introduction par M. Guizot. Vols. 3, 4. Paris: Lévy. London: Barthès & Lowell.

§ *Nouvelles Scènes de la Vie Russe*. Par Ivan Tourguenéf. Traduction de H. Delavaud. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthès & Lowell.

|| *Oeuvres Complètes de Spinoza*. Traduites et Annotées. Par J. G. Prat. Vol. 1. Paris and London: Hachette.

¶ *Eugénie de Guérin, Journal et Lettres*. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

of Eugénie are likewise full of an interest which, though fraught with melancholy, is not the less real. The only omission we have to point out, whilst recommending this volume, is that of the admirable article contributed to the *Moniteur* some years since by M. Sainte-Beuve, when the first edition of Mademoiselle de Guérin's remains, privately printed, appeared. Surely, it should have been added as the most appropriate introduction to the present volume.

The idea of publishing, in a cheap and easily accessible form, a collection of the French romances of chivalry*, is one which reflects great credit upon the Minister of Public Instruction who originated it, and we are glad to see that it has met with considerable success. Of course, private speculation could not be expected to undertake a work of such magnitude, and it is in cases like this that the interference of Government is both legitimate and beneficial. The *chanson de geste*, just edited by MM. Guessard and Chabaille from a unique MS. preserved at Montpellier, forms the third volume of the collection. It is a continuation of the romance of *Doon de Mayence*, and was probably written towards the beginning of the fourteenth century. The reader who sits down to study, both from a philological and also from an historical point of view, the complicated adventures of Gaufrey, will naturally encounter a number of questions which the learned editors should, we think, have discussed in their preface. The introductions to each volume of the series are correct and interesting as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. Without launching forth into diffuse inquiries about etymologies and other similar topics, MM. Guessard and Chabaille might have elucidated here and there a few obvious problems, and yet not gone beyond the limits of a simple foot-note.

The Memoirs of De Candolle †, published by his son, are one of the best books of their kind, and illustrate in a very singular manner the history of science and of society towards the beginning of the present century. If we had not been already aware that the author of the *Prodromus*, the rival of Linnaeus and Jussieu, was distinguished by his amiable qualities, as well as by his scientific attainments, we might have inferred it from the character of his memoirs. Whilst preparing the academic *éloge* of De Candolle, M. Flourens had been able to consult the work now before us, and to make extracts from it; but we are glad that it has been published *in extenso*; and the numerous details which the eminent botanist gives about some of his contemporaries make his autobiography doubly valuable. Amongst the personages he mentions (not always in a very flattering manner) we may name the poet Fontanes, Cuvier, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, La Place, and Bertholet. De Candolle's memoirs are a true historical museum, hung up with portraits correctly and amusingly sketched.

* *Les Anciens Poètes de la France*. Tome III. Gaufrey, chanson de geste. Publié par MM. Guessard et Chabaille. Paris: Vieweg. London: Jeffs.

† *Mémoires et Souvenirs d'Augustin Pyramus de Candolle*. Paris: Cherbuliez. London: Nutt.

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By Order. GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

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M. R. SIMS REEVES will sing “Adelaida” (accompanied by Madame Arabella Goddard), and “Dulia una pace,” at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall, on Monday Evening, May 11. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.—Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co., 59 New Bond Street.

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EXHIBITION of SCULPTURE at the ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDEN, South Kensington, Tuesday, May 5. Open at One o'clock, Band at Two. Admission, Half-a-Crown.

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For Prize Sheets and Particulars apply to 13 Hanover Square, London, W.

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By Order of the Board,

16 Cornhill, London, April 21, 1863.

R. SWIRE TOMLIN, Secretary.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—The GOLD MEDAL of the ATHLETIC CLUB, or a prize of Ten Guineas, will be given for the best Essay on the above subject sent in to the Committee of the Club on or before June 1 next.

The Essay will be read in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, at the presentation of Prizes to the Victor in the Olympic Contest to be held in Liverpool, June 1863.

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E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

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Dated April 17, 1863.

G. T. OLDFIELD, Secretary.

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